

Battlestar GALACTICA



AUTHORISED EDITION

BattlestarTM GALACTICA

Published by



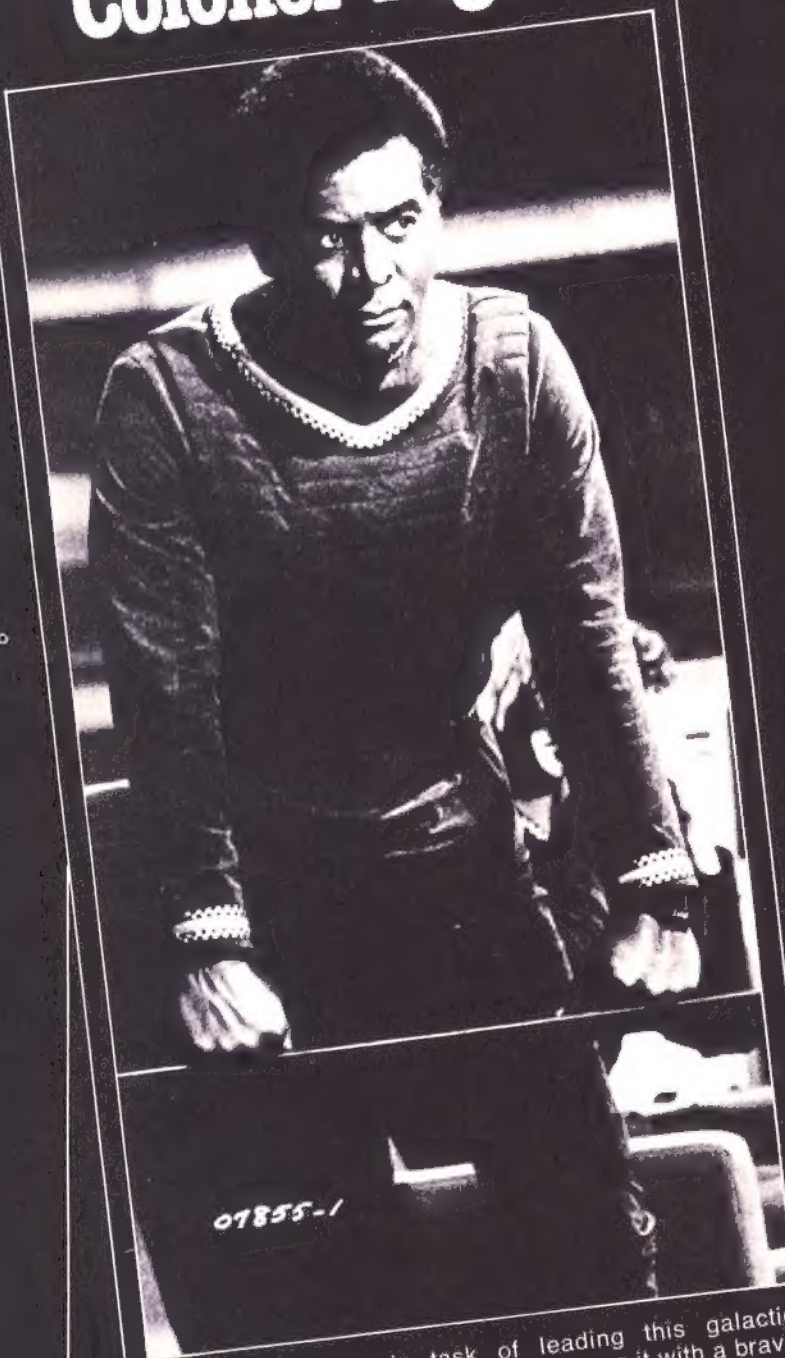
Jadwin House, 205 Kentish Town Road, London NW5
Printed in Holland

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Though the incredible array of spacecraft, ray guns and assorted menacing aliens appear to many to predominate Battlestar: Galactica, the film would be meaningless without the support of its more human elements. Household names such as Lorne Greene, famous to a huge audience for his starring role in the long-running TV western series Bonanza have been gathered together, not just to fill the gaps between the space dog-fight sequences but to pull Battlestar: Galactica into a cohesive whole, thereby maintaining viewer interest. It is surprising how quickly you would tire of endless shots of spacecraft, flying about the galaxy, shooting each other to pieces!

The Freedom Fighters of **BattlestarTM GALACTICA**

Colonel Tigh



Commander Adama's task of leading this galactic exodus is a herculean one, but he shares it with a brave and highly-trained crew. Not least amongst these is Colonel Tigh, his cool and efficient second-in-command. The character is played by Terry Carter.

Commander Adama



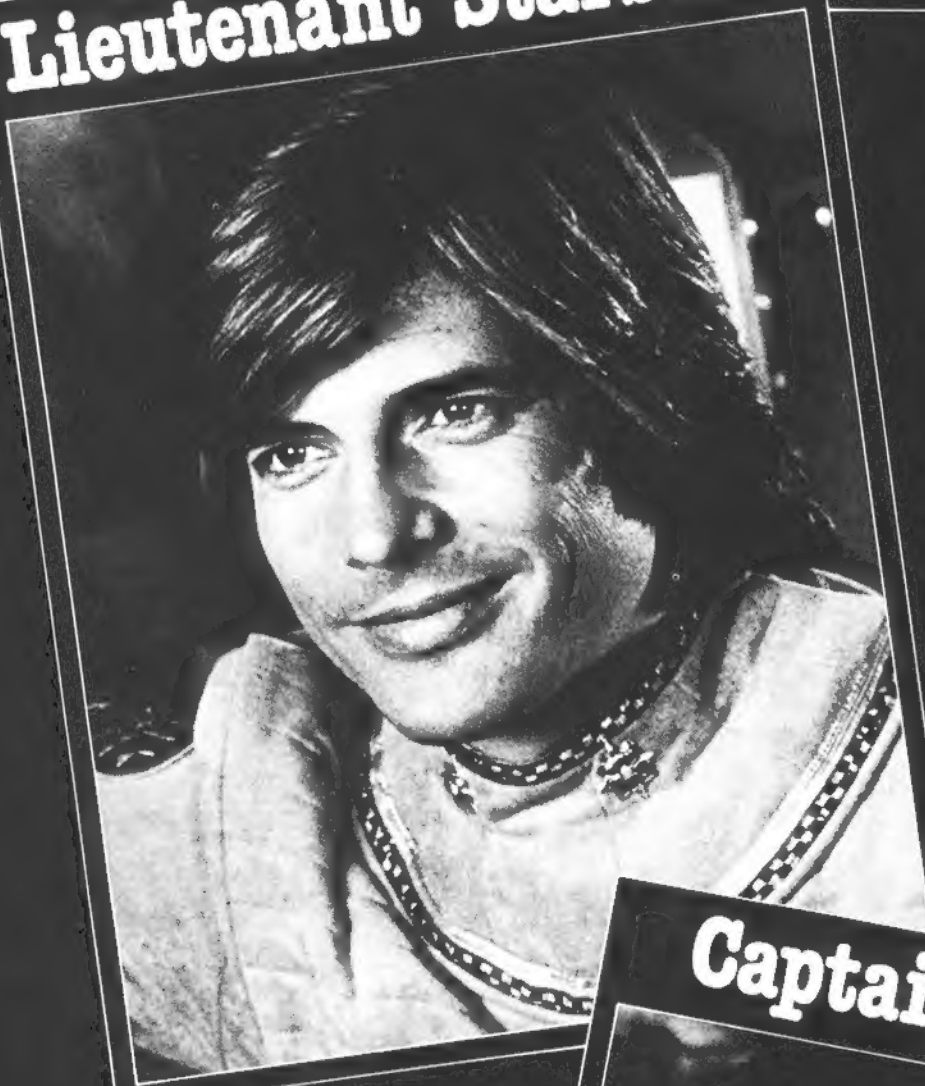
Battlestar Galactica, the besieged spaceship which heads a convoy of 220 other craft, is commanded by the fatherly figure of Commander Adama. Executive producer Glen Larson describes him as "the guy who pulls it all together. He has family appeal. His warmth will make people feel comfortable in a cold place like space". The Commander is played by Lorne Greene.

No adventure story, galactic or otherwise, would be complete without a touch of glamour. In Battlestar Galactica it can be found in the form of Maren Jensen. Miss Jensen plays the beautiful daughter of Commander Adama and younger sister of Captain Apollo.



Athena

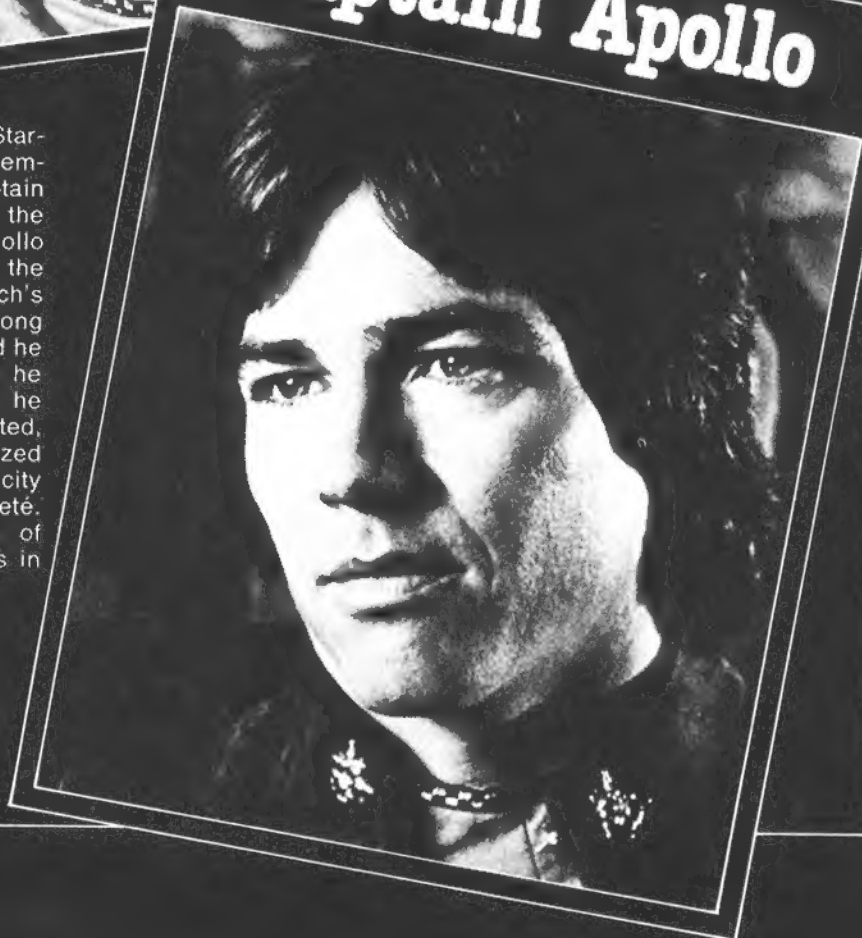
Lieutenant Starbuck



In times of stress and disaster, Lt. Starbuck is the man to make light of the situation. He is the reckless and carefree hero who will try to joke his way out of a tight spot. Dirk Benedict, the actor who plays the character, has this to say about him: "He's very excitable, a passionate con man. He'll cheat, but he's never malicious or out to hurt anybody. He's easily distracted in the face of very serious situations; so a large part of him is childlike – even though he smokes cigars. He's always in trouble."

Richard Hatch plays Lt. Starbuck's swashbuckling contemporary in the shape of Captain Apollo. In contrast to the irresponsible Starbuck, Apollo is the more mature half of the daring duo. In Richard Hatch's own words: "He has a strong sense of responsibility, and he cares about the people he deals with. Even though he lives in a highly complicated, highly evolved, mechanized society, there's a simplicity about him, a certain naiveté. He has a strong sense of values and really believes in honesty and truth."

Captain Apollo



Battlestar GALACTICA

BY THE TWENTIETH MILLENIUM THE HUMAN RACE HAS SPREAD TO THE STARS, ESTABLISHING COLONIES ON TWELVE WORLDS... ONLY TO FIND THAT THEY ARE NOT ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE. FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, MAN AND CYLON HAVE BEEN IMPLACABLE FOES IN A CATASTROPHIC STRUGGLE... UNTIL SUDDENLY, THE CYLON ALLIANCE OFFERS PEACE...

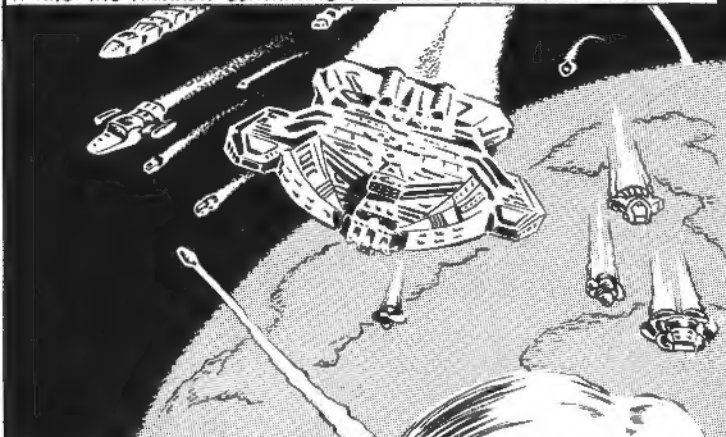
BUT IT IS A FALSE PEACE... AND EVEN AS THE COLONIES NEGOTIATE WITH THE CYLON'S REPRESENTATIVE, A WAR-FLEET IS MOVING IN TO MAKE A SURPRISE ATTACK... AN ATTACK THAT TWO SCOUTING VIPER-SHIPS DISCOVER TOO LATE...

WITHIN AN ALL TOO BRIEF SPACE OF TIME, MANKIND'S BATTLE-FLEET IS ALL BUT WIPED OUT... AND WITH IT, THE COLONIES' LAST LINE OF DEFENCE...

NONE CAN SAY HOW MANY MILLIONS ARE LOST IN THE CARNAGE THAT FOLLOWS... BUT IN LESS THAN A DAY CYLON FIGHTERS HAVE RAZED ALL TWELVE OF THE COLONIES... LEAVING NOTHING...



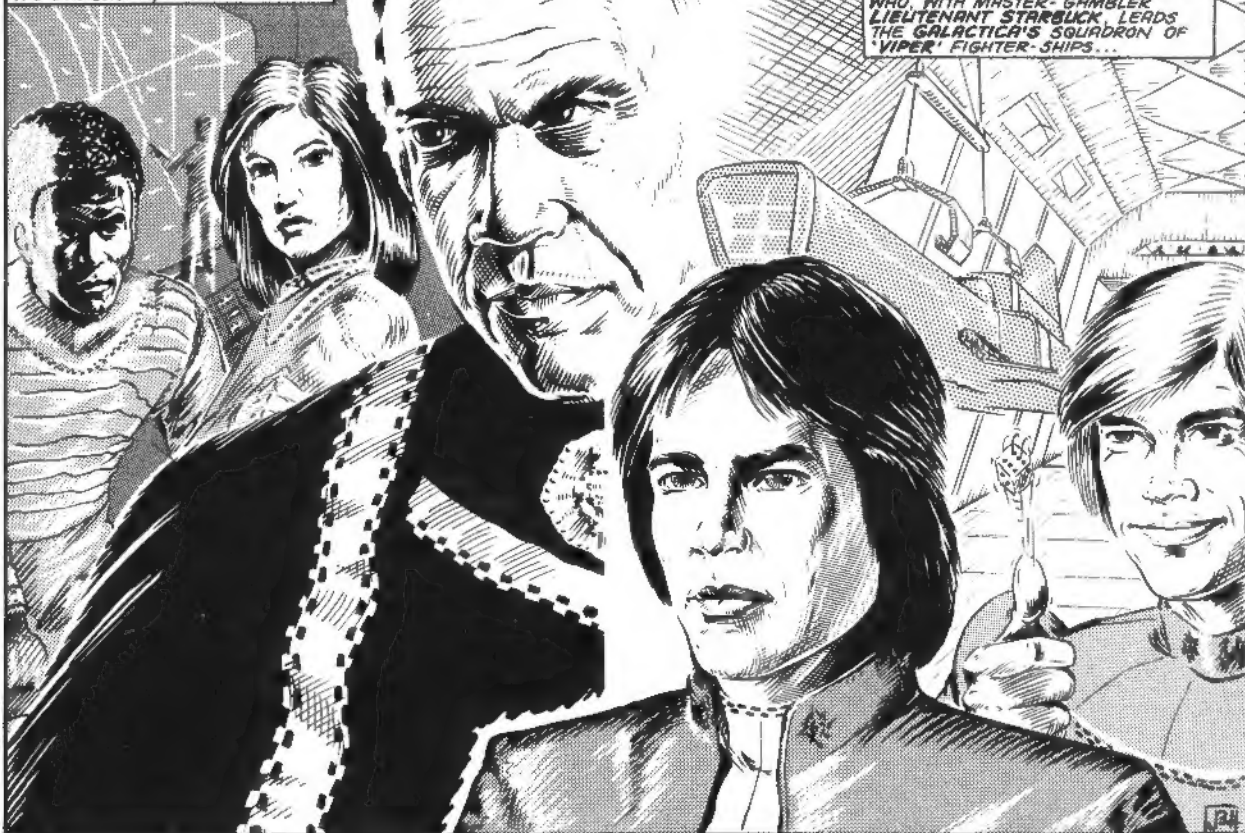
EXCEPT A FEW THOUSAND SURVIVORS IN A HANDFUL OF FREIGHTERS AND PASSENGER SHIPS... AND ONE SURVIVING BATTLESTAR, THE GALACTICA, A RAG-TAG ARMADA CONTAINING THE LAST OF THE HUMAN RACE...



BUT EVEN THEN THE CYLONS ARE NOT SATISFIED... FOR THEIR 'IMPERIOUS LEADER' KNOWS THE UNIVERSE WILL NEVER BE UNDER HIS FULL CONTROL UNTIL THESE LAST SURVIVORS ARE ERADICATED...



YET THERE ARE WARRIORS LEFT AMONG MANKIND... AND COMMANDER ADAMA OF THE GALACTICA WILL OPPOSE THE IMPERIOUS LEADER TILL THE LAST... ASSISTED BY HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND, COLONEL TIGH, HIS DAUGHTER, ATHENA...

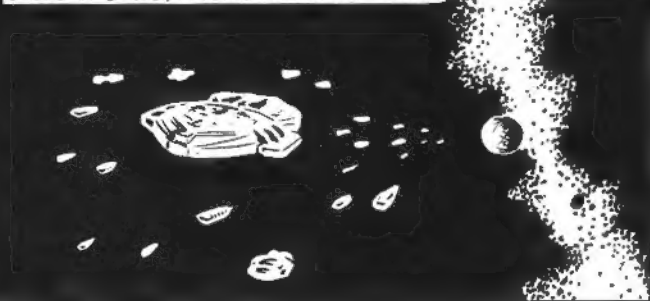


...AND HIS SON, CAPTAIN APOLLO, WHO, WITH MASTER-GAMBLER LIEUTENANT STARBUCK, LEADS THE GALACTICA'S SQUADRON OF 'VIPER' FIGHTER-SHIPS...

YET THE DEFENDERS ARE FEW, AND THOSE IN THEIR CARE ARE MANY. FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE, SUCH AS SIRENA, A NEWSCASTER, BOXEY AND HIS ANDROID PET, MUFFEY-2... INNOCENT VICTIMS THROWN TOGETHER BY THE CYLON HOLOCAUST...



AND SO THE GALACTICA AND ITS TATTERED SURVIVORS, HIDDEN BEHIND AN INVISIBLE CAMOUFLAGE SCREEN, SET OFF INTO THE DEEPS OF SPACE, FLEEING CERTAIN DEATH...



BUT WHERE IS THERE TO FLEE TO, IN A UNIVERSE PATROLLED CONTINUALLY BY CYLON FIGHTER-SHIPS? EACH PILOTED BY A FANATIC, DEDICATED TO THE IMPERIOUS LEADER'S AIM TO PURIFY THE GALAXY OF THE HUMAN SCOURGE...



AND NOT ONLY THE CYLONS, BUT THEIR ALLIES THREATEN THE SURVIVORS AS WELL. INDEED, IT SEEMS THERE IS NOWHERE IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE THAT CAN PROVIDE SAFETY...



UNLESS, LIKE ADAMA, ONE BELIEVES THERE MAY BE TRUTH IN AN ANCIENT LEGEND... A MYTH CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL BIRTHPLACE OF MANKIND...

...IT IS THIS THAT THE GALACTICA SEEKS... A LOST AND FORGOTTEN PLANET... CALLED EARTH...

THE END.

Doomsday Rock

"I'm picking up something on the forward sensors father . . ." Athena announced suddenly, turning away from her instruments to look worriedly toward Commander Adama. "Something fairly large and coming almost straight toward us . . ."

"Let's have it up on the starfield . . ." Adama said quietly, a slight smile contrasting with the tense edge to his voice as he turned to his second-in-command. "And, Tigh, let's put everyone on alert . . ."

The starfield, a wide screen running almost halfway round the bridge, glowed briefly and then focussed to a view of space ahead of them, a dark curtain hung with bright stars. As usual, Adama was struck by the vast, peaceful emptiness of space . . . though he had had precious little peace since the day the colonies had been destroyed . . .

"Should be in visual range in three seconds . . ." Athena announced, well aware that every eye on the bridge was now fixed on the starfield. "My sensors indicate some sort of irregular-shaped, solid object . . ."

"Probably an asteroid . . ." Tigh said, scanning the starfield. "There . . .!" A tiny bright point of light had appeared amongst the sparkling stars, growing steadily larger as they watched.

"It is an asteroid . . ." Adama said softly after he had studied the approaching object for a few seconds. He could almost feel the relief on the bridge around him. Out here, any unidentified object could turn out to be a Cylon warship . . . but this time, it seemed, they were dealing with something natural . . . merely another of the hazards of space.

"We'll have to take evasive action," Adama told Tigh. "Tell the other ship commanders to tie in their navigation systems with ours . . . and I think if we go to Vector 7, that should take care of it . . ."

The seconds dragged slowly by as the approaching dot grew larger on the screen, and Adama chided himself for a slight feeling of nervousness. After all, the starfield was on extreme magnification, the asteroid was still millions of miles away, and it would be at least half an hour before it came within a dangerously close distance. Then, though there was no vibration, Adama could feel the *Galactica* begin to turn.

The asteroid swung slowly away from the centre of the picture, out toward the left, and Adama smiled with relief. Another minute, and it would move out of the starfield entirely, passing by them harmlessly. His eyes tracked its slow movement relative to the stars.

Adama blinked, puzzled, then raised a hand to his eyes and stared at the screen again. There was something strange, and he knew that his eyes were not deceiving him. The asteroid had stopped moving. He was about to turn toward Tigh when he realised that it was now moving in the reverse direction, back toward the centre of the screen . . .

"Athena!" he barked. "Whats going on? I





said Vector 7..."

"We're on Vector 7, father!" Athena told him, worriedly. "But that thing . . . it seems to be changing course too! Coming back . . . as if it were being guided toward us!"

"But that's impossible!" Tigh began. "Asteroids can't change course in the middle of empty space!"

"But this one can..." Adama said, watching the bright dot move back to the centre of the screen, dead ahead of them once more. "Vector 38, Athena . . . and Tigh . . . get everyone on full alert!"

"I'll get a couple of Vipers warmed up..." Tigh said, and Adama nodded, watching the dot on the screen start to slip down toward the bottom of the starfield as they altered course once more. Then, and he almost knew it would, it climbed slowly back up the centre of the picture once more...

"Something must be *guiding* it!" Tigh exclaimed, though he could obviously hardly believe it himself. "Athena! Do we have any figures on that thing?"

"Seems to be solid rock..." Athena replied. "Irregular shape, about ten miles by eight..."

"Too big for us to blow up with laser-fire from the ship then..." Tigh said quietly.

"But not too big for an atomic charge to handle... if we can land on the thing and position it. Which pilots have you got standing by with those Vipers, Tigh?"

"Starbuck and Boomer."

"Good. Load an atomic charge on Starbuck's Viper, then launch them both as soon as possible..."

"But, father . . . only two of them? We don't know what we're up against, and..."

Adama stepped forward to place a comforting hand on his daughter's shoulder, acknowledging her concern. "I know, Athena . . . that's why I'm only sending two men . . . and Starbuck and Boomer are two of the best we've got. They'll be alright." He turned back toward Tigh. "Reconnaissance mission only, to start with, Tigh..."

they're not to go in and place the charge until they're certain of what's going on..."

"We're just about ready for launching, Commander..." Tigh told him grimly.

"I just don't get it..." Boomer's voice crackled over the intercom. "Looks like an ordinary asteroid to me . . . just a lump of rock..."

"Looks the same to me," Starbuck replied, glancing through the cockpit window toward his friend's Viper, flying close alongside, then turning his attention back toward the planetoid, looming large ahead of them. "We'll split up . . . go round on either side and see if anything's hiding out behind. And, Boomer . . . be careful..."

Starbuck could imagine Boomer grinning at that, but there was something about the whole situation which made him uneasy. And no one lived long as a Viper pilot if they took risks. Starbuck eased his ship into a gentle turn, looping round the asteroid in a long curve. Boomer's Viper moved off in the opposite direction.

It was Starbuck who saw them first.

"Cylons!" he yelled into the intercom, instantly recognising the rounded fighter-craft with their drooping side-edges. There were three of them, hanging motionless in space around a fourth, larger ship, which nestled in close to the asteroid, hidden from the *Galactica's* sensors by the rocky bulk. Starbuck had no time to check, but he figured the fourth ship must have some kind of tractor-beam aboard, with which it was manoeuvring the asteroid . . . a tractor-beam of truly titanic strength.

But while his mind raced, Starbuck's hands were already rolling his Viper over into a screaming turn which brought him round behind the Cylon fighters, and as he thumbed a switch to bring the gunsight to his screen, he could see Boomer's ship closing in from the other side.

The Cylon fighters suddenly started to scatter as they became aware of the Vipers, but by then Starbuck already had one of them in his sights, the target growing bigger as he screamed closer, turbos roaring. And as the Cylon slipped across

the cross hairs of his sight, Starbuck punched the trigger.

The Cylon ship exploded in a silent flash, scattering debris which glowed and flared for a few seconds before disappearing.

Another flash illuminated the darkness briefly, and Starbuck knew that Boomer, too, had found his target. But as he turned, skimming low over the airless surface of the asteroid, he could see the third Cylon fighter on Boomer's tail.

"Behind you, Boomer!" he yelled. "Get your nose up!"

"I see him." Boomer's voice grated back. "But I think he sees me pretty good, too."

Starbuck bit his lip as he saw the Cylon open fire, desperately trying to urge more speed from his straining engines. Boomer looped up and away

from the asteroid

but the Cylon followed

every move.

"Get this guy off my back, Starbuck!" Boomer yelled, and Starbuck could see more needles of laser-fire lancing toward him. There was a muffled thump on the intercom, then Boomer's ragged voice: "Starbuck! My port wing's hit. Where in space are you?"

"Right here, old buddy." Starbuck hissed through gritted teeth as the Cylon slid into his gunsight, and he punched the trigger by instinct, hardly aware of whether his aim was true. But it was that fighting instinct that had saved his life on many occasions before, and now it saved Boomer's. The last Cylon fighter disappeared in a flaring fireball as Starbuck's lasers raked it from nose to tail. Boomer's sigh of relief over the intercom was





all the thanks Starbuck needed. He had, after all, lost count of the number of times that Boomer had saved his own life in a situation like this.

Boomer's Viper was limping badly now, and Starbuck turned back alone toward the larger Cylon ship. He recognised it now as some sort of converted fuel-tanker, a bulky, slow-moving ship. Starbuck guessed the fuel-tanks had been ripped out and replaced with the massive tractor-beam equipment needed to move an entire asteroid.

As the ship started to slowly move away from the asteroid, Starbuck could imagine the rising panic among the Cylon crew as his Viper closed in. But he could also remember the horrors the Cylons had wrought on his own home planet and the death of his friends. Starbuck opened up with everything he had as soon as he was in range.

His first hit was on the Cylon ship's nose, scattering debris and fire through the void; his second gouged a hole in its side. His third hit the engines, and after that, there were no more Cylons left in sight.

"Nice shooting," Boomer congratulated. Starbuck brought his Viper coasting round and headed back toward the planetoid, decelerating rapidly.

Only then did Starbuck realise that he had fought the entire battle with an atomic charge aboard—even the slightest indirect hit would have sent both him and Boomer into flaring oblivion, along with all the Cylons and most of the planetoid. Now, he knew, was the time to get rid of it as rapidly as possible.

"Keep your eyes peeled, Boomer," Starbuck announced. "I'm going down to lay this explosive egg where it'll do most good."

"Okay, but do it fast. There's no time for artistic touches," Boomer's voice crackled over the intercom. "I'm beginning to lose power in my port engine."

Decelerating rapidly, Starbuck brought his ship drifting down to the asteroid's surface, constantly making adjustments as he felt his Viper pulled by the weak gravity. A relatively flat area appeared below him, and he put the Viper down as gently as he could.

He began to punch the buttons which would, without him having to leave the cockpit, enable him to prime the bomb, set the timer, and lower it hydraulically from its position slung under the fuselage. A delay of five minutes would give them plenty of time to get clear of the blast.

Adama's voice suddenly burst out of the intercom from the *Galactica*. "Starbuck! Boomer! There's another flight of Cylons coming up on you! Get out of there! They're too far away for us to give you cover!"

But Starbuck was still only halfway through punching out the priming sequence. "Boomer!" he yelled, "Head back to the *Galactica*!"

"But... Will you get out of here! You're losing

power! Go! If catch you!

If Boomer made any reply, it was muffled by the sound of his turbos cutting in, and Starbuck was relieved to know his friend was on his way. But with every second he spent punching buttons the Cylons were getting closer.

"We figure there's about twenty of them, Starbuck," Adama's voice came again, brittle with urgency. "But the asteroid's between them and us... it's confusing our sensors!"

"I'm on my way..." Starbuck announced at last, as a red light in the cockpit showed that the atomic charge had been safely landed on the rocky surface. Without further ado, Starbuck cut in his turbos and roared away from the asteroid.

Looking round as he left the planetoid behind, Starbuck could see the approaching flight of Cylons behind him, small bright dots in the distance. Ahead of him, he could see Boomer's ship, limping at only half-speed, one engine spluttering badly. The *Galactica* itself was still too far off to be seen.

Half a minute later, Starbuck had caught up with Boomer's Viper, and eased his speed to match his companion's.

"What are you doing, Starbuck?" Boomer's voice came raggedly over the intercom.

"Figured you could do with someone to watch out for your back," Starbuck told him, anxiously looking over his shoulder to the Cylon fighters, coming up fast behind.

"You're crazy!" Boomer shouted desperately.

"If you hang around here neither of us'll have backs left to watch! Or fronts, either! Get back to the *Galactica*, man! They need you more than do."

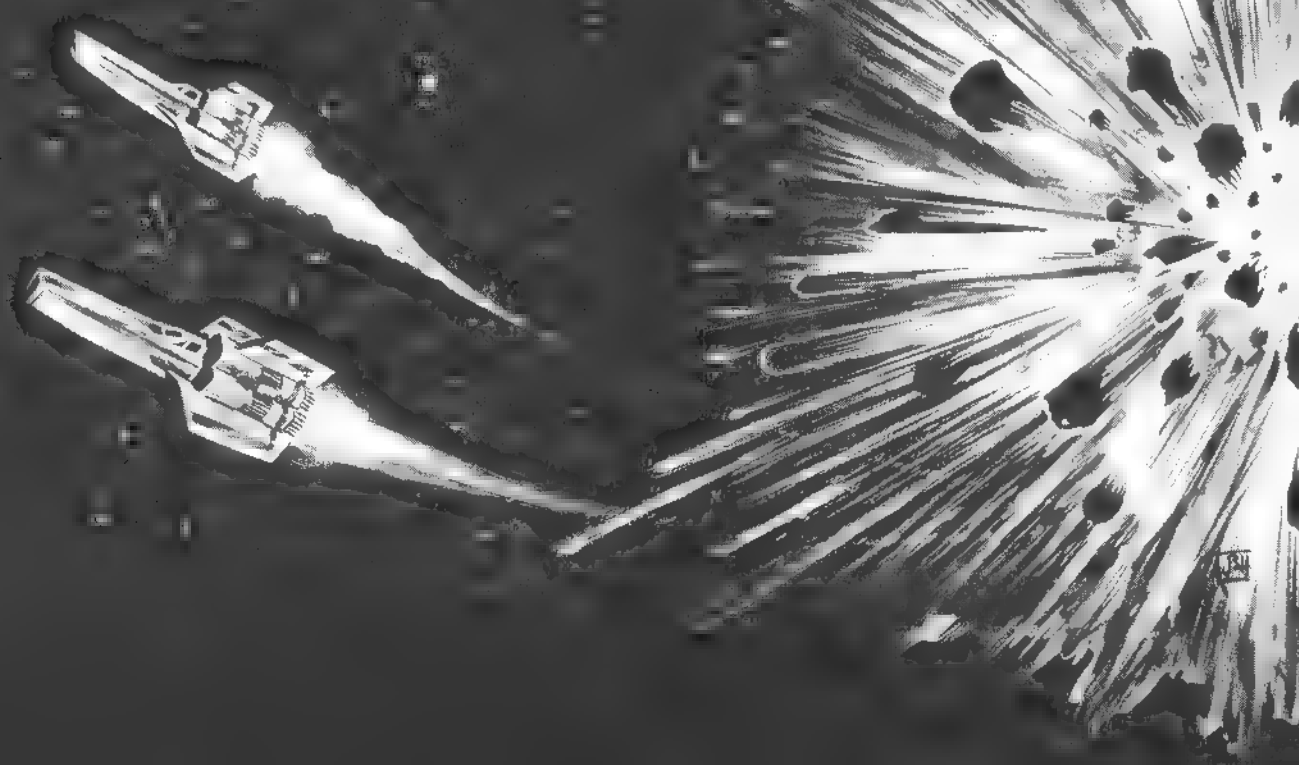
"Easy, Boomer," Starbuck said, looking back to see the Cylon ships now drawing level with the asteroid. In a few seconds they would be in shooting distance.

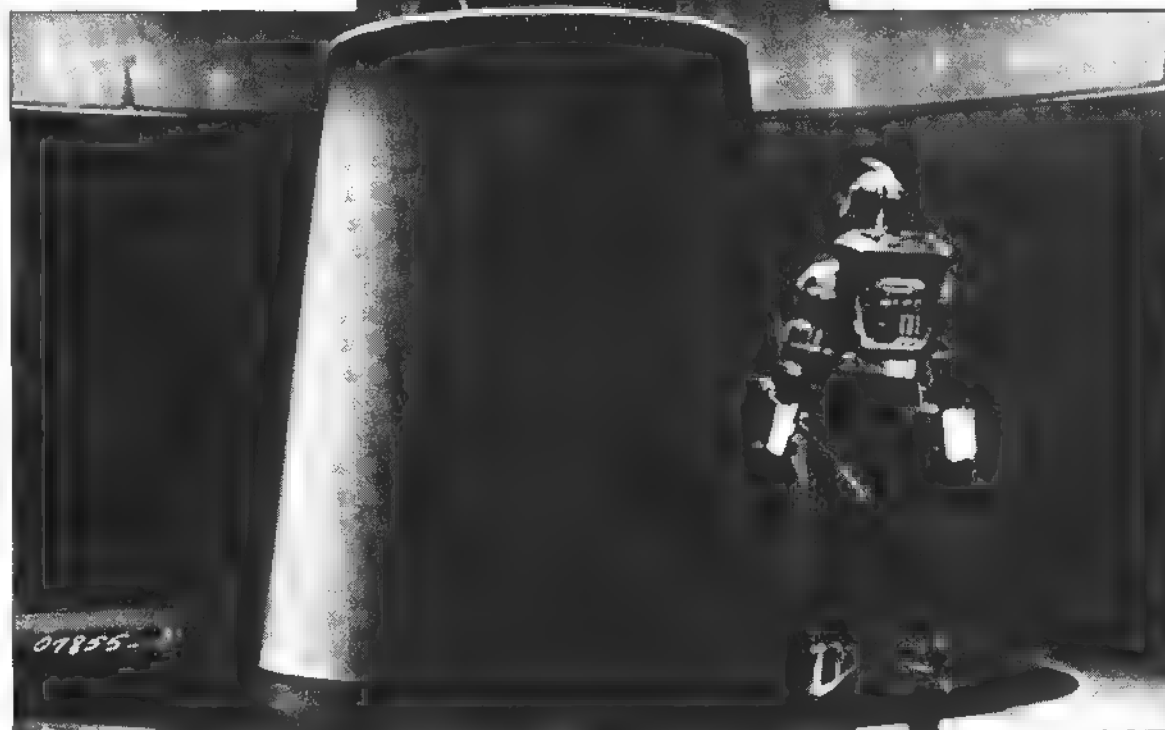
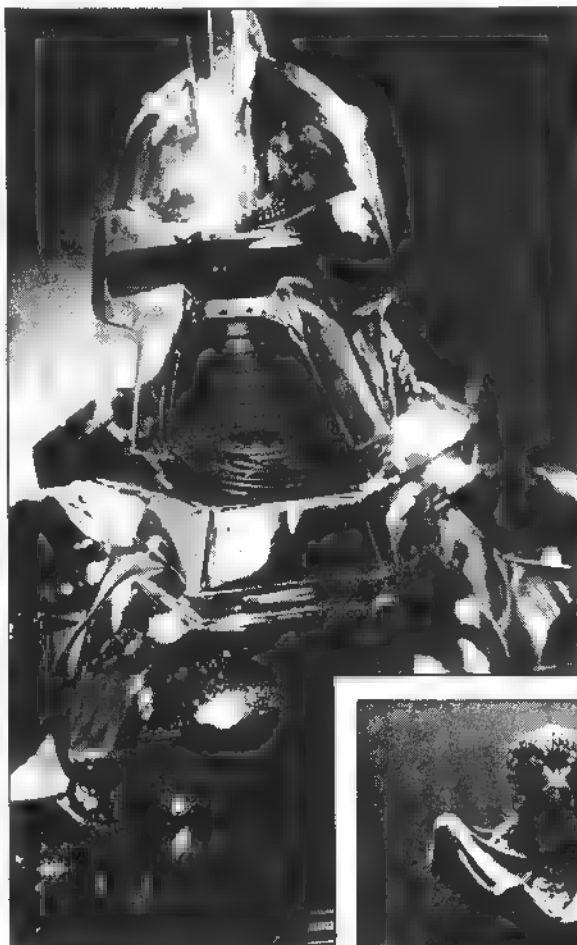
But that time never came. A sudden dazzling glare forced Starbuck to turn his eyes away. Silently in the airless void of space, the atomic charge blew the asteroid into flaring non-existence—a sun-like fire-ball of bright-glowing radioactive waste that expanded rapidly and lit up all space for a short few seconds, before fading into nothingness. And when it had faded, the Cylon ships, blasted into fragments by the nearness of the explosion, were no longer to be seen.

"What happened?" Boomer yelled. "The charge went off early!"

"No..." Starbuck allowed himself a chuckle of relief. "Twenty against two are odds I don't like." Ahead of them now, he could see the *Galactica*, far off in the distance but beckoning them home. "So I decided to shorten the odds... and shorten the timing too! I set it for one minute, not five... so it didn't go off early. It went off just on time!"

"Too right," Boomer agreed. "Let's get home."



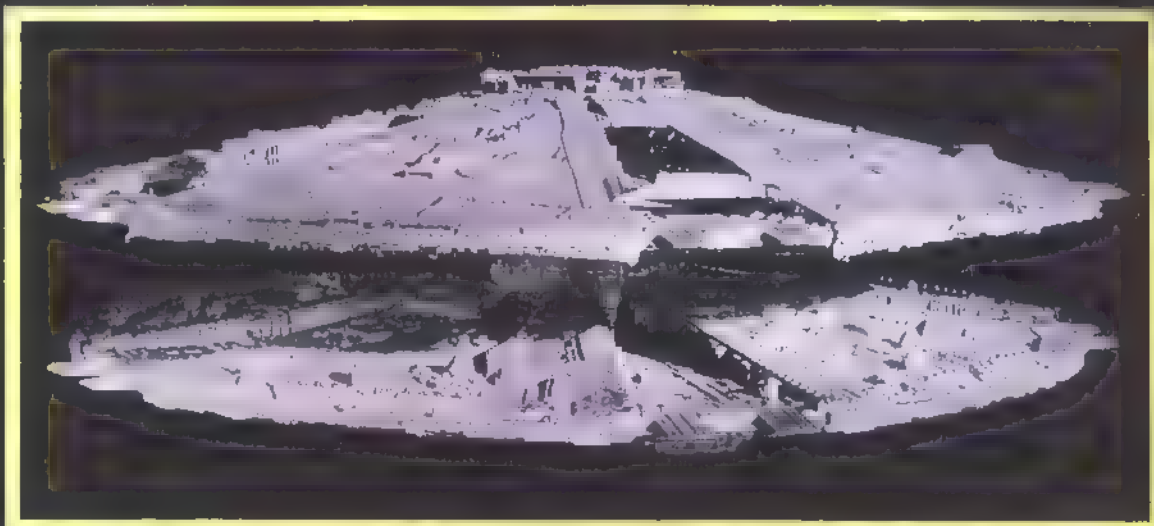


Above left: A Cylon Centurion. Above right: An Ovion Warrior and above: A Cylon Centurion reporting to the Imperious Leader.

THE SPACESHIPS



~carriers
of carnage



Main picture: The Battlestar Galactica. Inset: The Cylon Mothership

The most impressive feature of **Battlestar Galactica** is its title star, the huge flagship of the flotilla that bears the last survivors of the human race. The Battlestar class of spaceships are a little like our contemporary aircraft carriers. There were only twelve Battlestars in the entire Colonial fleet and of those only one survives: The Battlestar Galactica.

Each Battlestar is designed to carry a crew of almost 500, over half of which are fighting men, both infantrymen and the pilots of the tiny single-seater fighter craft which use the Battlestar as a home base. The remainder of the crew is made up of command personnel, helmsmen, technicians, security forces, maintenance crews and so on. The Battlestar is, in fact, like a small town with each inhabitant having his own specific duty to perform in the day to day running of the craft. Every Battlestar carries 75 short-range



viper fighter ships, six unarmed shuttlecraft and a dozen armoured "Landrams" (also known as "scarabs"). In addition to these ships the Battlestar is well armed with laser cannon and has the capacity to jump to hyperspace should the need arise.

The Galactica is a standard Battlestar equipped with two enormous carrier decks situated within the cylindrical pods on either side of the ship. These sections contain launching tubes that are able to catapult the viper craft into space, and landing areas for the fighters and other craft.

The Starship Galactica

Class: Battlestar.

Length: 0.264 miles (2000 feet).

Fuel: Tylium/Energy conversion drive

Crew: 496.

Armament: 75 viper fighters.

12 Scarab fighters.

Numerous laser cannon (intelligence reports incomplete at this point).

Max speed: Light velocity, though hyperspace travel possible.



A Colonial Viper under attack from Cylon craft

The Colonial vipers are sleek, three-winged craft designed to accommodate a single pilot. The cockpit of each is crammed with a bewildering array of complicated instruments and a joystick that controls the most vital functions of the fighter. The pilots sit in a special G-chair that counteracts the enormous shock of launching. Stabilizing rockets, reverse thrust capabilities and superior manoeuvrability give the vipers a distinct advantage over their Cylon counterparts. Despite these features the vipers can be affected by outside factors which are beyond the skill of the pilot to control. For example, the on-board scanners can be jammed electronically by the Cylons rendering them blind.

Viper fighters

Class: Starhound

Length: 30 feet

Fuel: Tylium/Energy conversion drive

Crew: 1

Armament: Twin turbolaser cannon

Max speed: Light velocity, though hyperspace travel possible

The design of the Cylon fighter craft is totally different to that of their opponents. Appearing as giant flying wings they resemble monstrous bats, an image intended to strike fear into those who would oppose the might of the Cylon Empire. With a laser cannon situated on each wing tip, the Cylon craft, also known as "raiders", are equipped with laser-particle torpedoes and a payload of devastating plutonium bombs. Each raider is manned by three Cylon warriors, the helmsman and navigator sitting together at the front of the ship and the captain being seated slightly to the rear.

Cylon fighters

Class: Raider

Length: 40 feet

Fuel: Tylium/Energy conversion drive

Crew: Three

Armament: Twin laser cannon

Laser particle torpedoes

Plutonium bombs (intelligence reports incomplete at this point)

Max speed: light velocity, though hyperspace travel possible



SWAMP WORLD

"Come in, *Galactica*!" The communication-screen suddenly sparked into life in front of Athena, and she instantly recognised Lang, the captain of the *Ganymede*. "Put me through to Commander Adama. We've got trouble aboard..."

"I'm here, Lang..." Adama said, stepping up behind his daughter to watch the screen. "What is it?"

"We've had seven people go down with food-poisoning, Commander," Lang said, his expression betraying signs of tension and worry. "All the evidence seems to suggest it was done deliberately..."

"Deliberately?" Adama raised a quizzical eyebrow. "But who?"

"We're not sure..." Lang began, then looked away from the screen. "Excuse me, Commander... I'll be back to you in a moment..."

On the screen, they could see Lang turn away out of camera-range, leaving only an empty view of the *Ganymede's* bridge. Adama clenched and unclenched his hands nervously as he waited, looking up toward the starfield. They were just entering a new star-system, always a dangerous time for it brought them face to face with the unknown, and he would have preferred to make his approach without having internal problems on his hands.

"There seem to be two inhabitable worlds in this system, father..." Athena said, filling in time as they waited for Lang to reappear. "Our long range sensors indicate that one's a hothouse world, mostly covered in seas and swamps... the other's a dry, arid desert for the most part..."

Adama nodded absently, then turned his attention back to the screen as Lang returned.

"Commander... one of our shuttle-craft has been stolen! One trooper killed, another wounded. But the survivor named our culprit... it's Simmon. And I think he's probably our poisoner, too... he knew most of the victims..."

"And how are the victims?" Adama asked.

"Two dead, three critical... the other two will pull through okay. But what can we do about Simmon?"

"You take care of your injured, Lang," Adama told him. "We'll take care of Simmon..."

"But where can he go, father?" Athena asked as Lang's face faded from the screen.

"That's what we've got to find out, Athena. I want that shuttle-craft traced... and I want that madman brought to justice! Get Starbuck and Apollo here..."

"You think Simmon's mad, then?" Athena punched the buttons which would call her brother and his friend to the bridge.

"He has to be... poisoning seven people's a

senseless act in itself... and if he takes that shuttle anywhere within the fleet, he knows he'll be caught... if he gets away from us, what has he got? Three months supply of food-concentrate in the shuttle and a life alone in space. I'd say he was crazy right enough!"

"It's a pity we ever brought him with us!" Athena exclaimed in disgust. Adama put a hand on her shoulder, trying to calm her.

"We couldn't have known... and besides, our task was to evacuate every living man, woman and child we could. It wasn't up to us to pass judgement on those who could or could not come. And there'll always be one or two who don't pull through..."

Apollo and Starbuck appeared on the bridge, and Adama rapidly filled them in on the details.

"I've got the shuttle's course computed, Apollo..." Athena put in when her father had finished. "It's heading toward one of the planets in this system... the hothouse world..."

"Apollo, you'll take three men in a shuttle and follow him," Adama said, instantly coming to a decision. "Starbuck'll ride guard in a Viper. I want Simmon brought back to justice if you can. You have eight hours in which to find him."

"And if we can't?" Starbuck asked.

"Then just bring his shuttle-craft back..."

* * *

The *Galactica's* sensors had tracked the shuttle-craft right down to the ground, and it was a simple matter for Apollo and Starbuck, at the controls of their respective craft, to follow Simmon down to the unnamed and unexplored world. Breaking through heavy cloud-cover, they found themselves in the midst of a ferocious rain-squall which battered and rattled against their ships and made vision difficult except when lightning slashed through the gloom. Apollo decided to land on Automatic...

The scanners showed a vast swamp below them, dotted with islands ranging from a few feet to a few miles across, and heavily overgrown with vegetation. Apollo knew it would be hard to find anyone in that jungle, but at least Simmon's shuttle, being the only metallic object in miles, picked up easily on the sensors. It stood on one of the larger islands, and Apollo directed his course toward it.

A roar from outside made Apollo look round, to see Starbuck's Viper roar past alongside. Used as he was to seeing the Vipers operate soundlessly in airless space, the sound of Starbuck cutting in his turbos took him momentarily by surprise. As Starbuck swept away ahead of them toward the



island, his Viper vanished almost instantly amidst a grey curtain of rain, leaving only the flare of his exhaust visible. Then that too vanished behind a swirl of wind-driven cloud.

On the scanner, Apollo watched the blip that represented Starbuck's Viper swoop low over the island, circle and swoop again.

"Can't see much of anything . . ." Starbuck's voice crackled. "The island seems fairly clear of trees, and Simmon's shuttle's down there . . ."

"We'll have to put down at the far end of the island to him then," Apollo said, feeding the landing co-ordinates into the automatic pilot. "Not much else we can do in this storm . . ."

Lightning flashed, and the radio crackled once more, obscuring Starbuck's reply for an instant. ". . . follow me down . . . and hope we land on something solid!"

* * *

Apollo stood within the shuttle, chewing his lip tensely as he stared through the window at the rain-streaked greyness outside, watching the ferocious wind splattering water over the glass. Starbuck's Viper, only thirty feet away, was quite invisible in the gloom. Any sort of search in these conditions was quite impossible, and they had been stuck here for an hour . . . leaving them only seven now in which to find their man.

"Captain Apollo . . ." Riker, one of the three men Apollo had brought with him, interrupted his train of thought. "Do we have any idea what this man Simmon looks like?"

Apollo turned toward him, smiling. "No . . . but what does it matter? Apart from Starbuck and ourselves, he's the only man on the planet. It won't be easy to mistake him!"

Riker grinned self-consciously, as Baton and Moram chuckled behind him. Apollo looked at the three of them; all trained fighting men who knew how to handle themselves in situations like these. Nonetheless, he felt he had to warn them.

"We think Simmon's crazy . . . we know he's dangerous and he's killed. He's armed, and he'll likely kill again. So when we do get out there . . ."

"I think that'll be quite soon, Captain . . ." Riker interrupted, pointing beyond Apollo toward the window. "The weather seems to be clearing . . ."

Apollo turned, and could see Starbuck's Viper quite clearly now. With astonishing swiftness, the rain was stopping, the wind whipping the clouds away. Already there were patches of pale blue sky appearing. By the time they had checked their weapons and got outside, it had stopped raining entirely.

"I'd hate to be a weatherman in this place . . ." Starbuck announced as he paced across the sodden, spongy ground toward Apollo. "One minute torrential rain, the next hot sunshine . . . even the wind seems to be dropping . . ."

"Right," Apollo agreed. "But we never know

when it's going to change back again . . . so the sooner we get started, the better. Let's go and have a look at Simmon's shuttle . . ."

The island rose to a low hill in the centre, and they knew that Simmon's craft lay somewhere on the other side. There were few trees, though they could see several crowning the other islands nearby, across the expanse of brackish water that surrounded them. Picking their way through tall reed-like plants, they made their way toward the hill, frequently sinking boot-deep in wet black slime. After fifteen minutes, they found themselves on firmer ground by the hill, and after that it was only a short time before Simmon's shuttle came in sight.

The door stood open as they approached, and Apollo somehow knew that Simmon had abandoned the craft, though if he too had waited for the rain to stop, he would probably not be far away.

With extreme caution they moved forward, picking their way between strange slimy mounds of mottled rock which protruded from an area of shallow swamp between them and the shuttle. There was something strange and repugnant about those rocks, all large and blunt at one end, narrowing at the other. If he had not known better, Apollo might have guessed that they had been all crudely sculpted by some semi-intelligent hand. But there was no time for pondering such things now . . .

The shuttle proved to be empty, as Apollo had expected, and a quick search provided no clue to Simmon's whereabouts. The five of them stepped out again into the sunlight, looking round.

The shuttle stood on a small bare knoll among the mounds, and if Apollo did not know it were impossible, he would have sworn that one of the mounds had moved closer while they were inside. He rested a hand uneasily on his blaster. But it was absurd. A heap of rock six feet high and twenty long could not move . . .

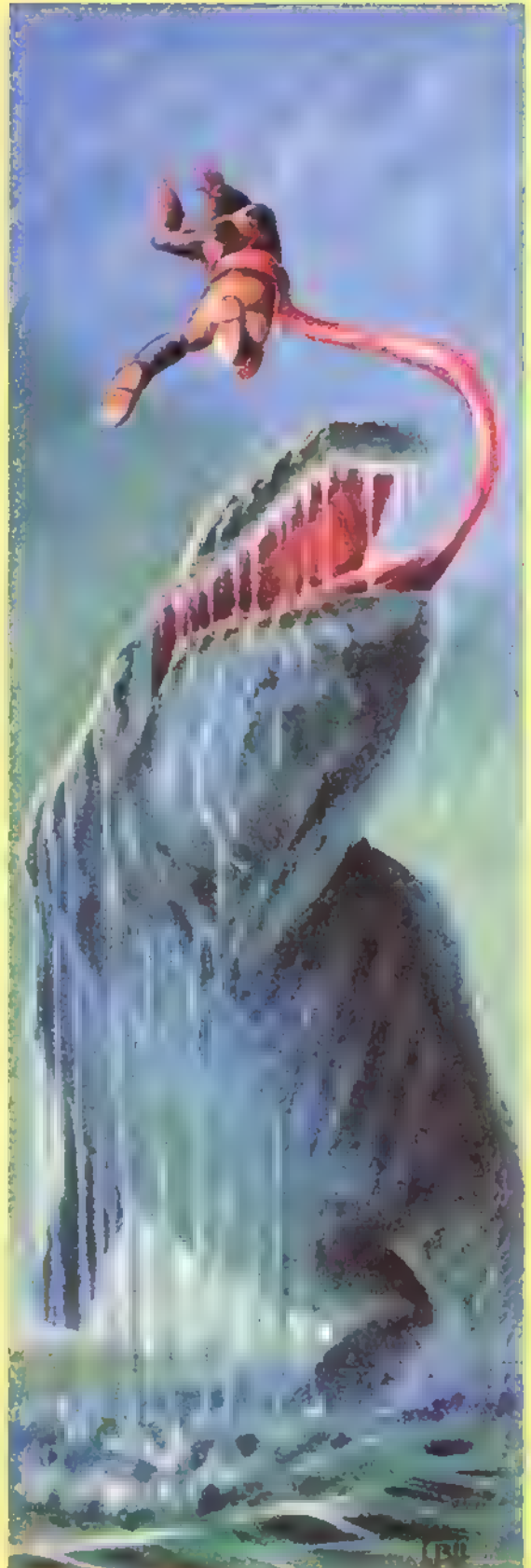
"I'll get up here and see if there's any sign of him . . ." Moram suddenly announced, striding toward the rock.

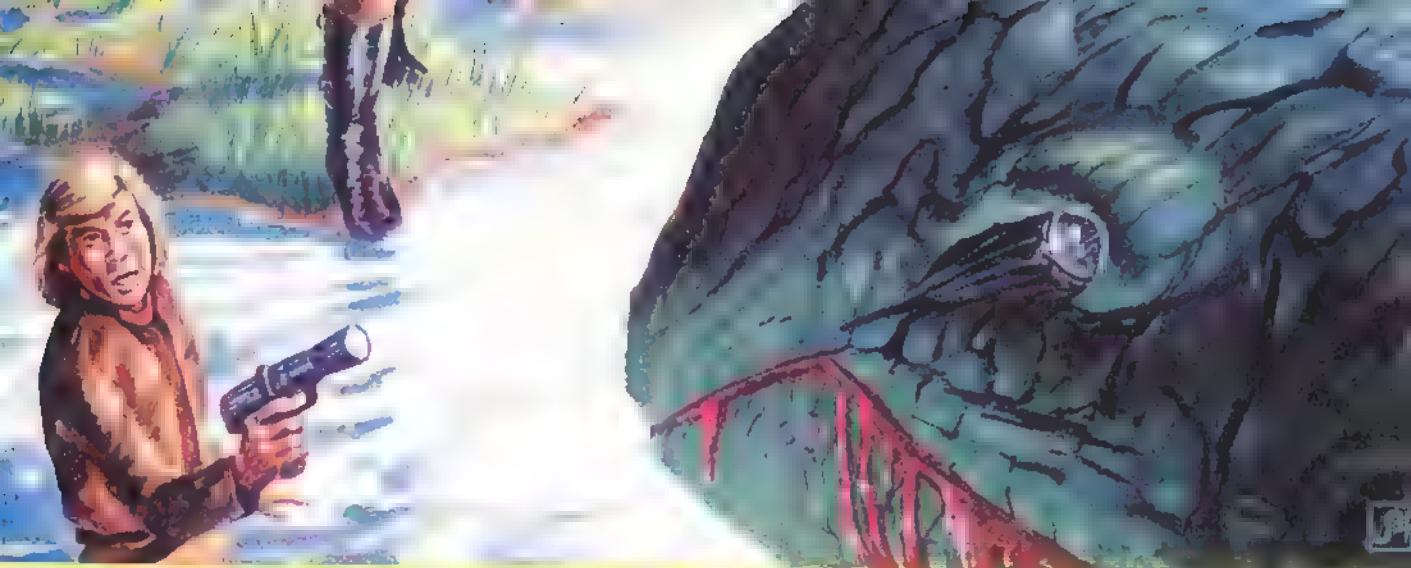
"No, Moram . . ." Apollo began, but by then it was already too late. Moram placed a hand on the rock, preparing to climb . . . then suddenly reeled backwards, clutching at his wrist.

"Ah, my hand . . . something on the rock . . ." Moram began. "My flesh . . . it feels like I'm burning . . ."

Apollo started to run forward, then stopped dead in his tracks as he saw a wide crack open in the front of the rock, and two pale blue eyes appear above that. This was no rock, but some sort of hideous beast, naturally camouflaged so that it could lie in wait for the unwary.

And as Moram still writhed before the beast, a gigantic pink tongue lashed out from its gaping mouth, curled rapidly round the man's body, and drew him swiftly in. Moram screamed once, then





disappeared into the creature's mouth.

Frozen with horror, it was an instant before Apollo could bring his blaster into play, but by then it was too late. Nothing would save Moram now...

Apollo blasted at the beast, but his fire seemed merely to bounce off the creature's thick, slime-encrusted hide as it turned away, shuffling back toward its fellows. Apollo could see now that it had two stubby legs near the front, its body narrowing to a flipper-like tail at the rear. And yet so perfect was its camouflage that only now, moving and with mouth and eyes open, would anyone realise it was not merely rocks and mud.

"You can't kill them!" a strange, frail voice wheezed triumphantly, and Apollo span to see Simmon standing by a tree a hundred yards away. The man was older than he had expected, grey-haired and bent-backed, but he waved a blaster defiantly as he stalked forward through the creatures toward them.

"Toad-fish', I call them," Simmon cackled softly. "And quite the most evil beings I've ever known... they live like telepathic sponges, drinking up the horror and fear and pain of all who come near them!"

"If they feed on telepathic emotion, why did that one eat Moram?" Starbuck shouted, and Apollo could see that his friend would sooner shoot the old man than talk to him.

"Why... because when you did not know you were in danger, you felt no fear... no revulsion! But now... ah, yes... now they are happy..."

"Do you think he's right?" Starbuck said quietly, still keeping his gun trained on Simmon. "Or are these just the ramblings of a madman?"

"I don't know..." Apollo replied, "but if we can keep him talking, there might be some way to get him out of here..."

Apollo turned back toward Simmon, who had now stopped amidst the beasts, about 50 yards away. "Why don't they eat you, then, Simmon?"

"Because I have no fear!" Simmon cackled. "No fear... no revulsion... Surrounded by men or toad-fish, I'm indifferent! Each look as

appealing to me as the other!"

"He is crazy!" Starbuck hissed. "Let's leave him here..."

Apollo ignored his friend. "What about pain, Simmon? You feel that?"

"Pain, I feel no pain! These creatures don't harm me, so I feel nothing!"

"Those things are moving again, Apollo," Starbuck cautioned. "They're getting closer! If we don't get out of here soon..."

"There's one pain you'll feel, Simmon..." Apollo shouted, making one last attempt to reason with him. "The pain of hunger... if we take the shuttle back, what will you eat? And as soon as you start worrying about your empty stomach, they'll be on to you..."

For an instant, Simmon's face fell, and Apollo knew that he had scored a hit. More warily now, Simmon began to pick his way forward through the beasts, looking around him cautiously.

"You've frightened him..." Starbuck whispered, then raised his voice. "Come on, Simmon, Run! Get out of there!"

Suddenly, Simmon's nerve broke, and he began to run toward them, a terrified gurgle bubbling from his lips. And in an instant, a long, snake-like tongue lashed out, coiling round his ankles and felling him. Starbuck and Apollo began blazing away toward the hideous amphibian, but it was already too late. With a last, despairing scream, Simmon vanished into the creature's cavernous mouth.

"I'd say some sort of justice has been done..."

Apollo said thoughtfully. "though I'd hardly wish that kind of death on even a madman and murderer..."

"And I'd say it was time we got out of here..." Starbuck said. "Those things are still getting closer, and I figure they're still hungry. Let's take the shuttle back to our other ships and leave this stinking swamp-planet for the Cylons to find..."

"Right... though the Cylons would probably find themselves in good company here," Apollo agreed, looking at the slimy monsters shuffling closer. "Let's get out of here..."

GALACTICA'S GALAXY OF STARS

Blond, blue-eyed Dirk Benedict, who plays **Battlestar: Galactica's** devil-may-care Lieutenant Starbuck, is not the sort of person you would expect to be tipped as TV's new space-age hero. He doesn't particularly care for modern technology or science fiction - he didn't even see the film **Star Wars** until he was signed for the Starbuck role.

Benedict is a reluctant celebrity. He describes himself as "a simple guy who grew up hunting ducks and eating elk meat". He goes on to say: "I never really grew up, though. I was born in Sulfur Springs, Montana, a little ranch town. I was a small town boy, the son of a lawyer, but I worked all the time. I had my first job on a ranch."

He has been driving the same Japanese car for five years and confesses to only two vices: black coffee and expensive cigars.

Benedict got into acting when some college friends persuaded him to audition for a musical production they were staging. He landed the part and enjoyed every minute of it. From there he went on to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London and landed a part in **Abelard and Heloise** on Broadway and in Los Angeles. He continued his acting by playing a series of roles in several European films.

After playing a few small parts in Hollywood, Dirk Benedict returned to his hometown of Sulfur Springs where he began work on a vegetarian cookbook. Then, one day, came the telephone call that was to launch him into stardom.

He is pleased with his role as Lt. Starbuck. "Starbuck is a man with great potential, but he doesn't live up to it. To a large



extent that's true of me too. I was a straight A-grade student in high school. I could have been a lawyer or a doctor, but I didn't have the interest."

In spite of the fame that the Starbuck role will bring him, Benedict claims that all he really wants from life is to return to his Montana home. "I wouldn't want to be an actor all my life. My dream is to be well-known and then become anonymous, maybe a cook, a restaurateur, or even a writer."

Maren Jensen's role as Athena could well set her on the road to stardom. She has had little experience in acting, and has only appeared on television once before. However, Executive Producer Glen Larson, wanted her for the part. "I don't know why he picked me," she says. "I guess he saw something in me he liked."

Miss Jensen grew up in Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles. She spent three years at the University College of Los Angeles, but became bored with studying and left. She then waited on tables and sold shoes before embarking on the considerably more glamorous career of a fashion model.

Miss Jensen feels that she has yet a lot to learn about acting, but, like the character she plays in **Battlestar Galactica**, she is a determined lady: "Athena is a smart girl," she says. "She has courage. I'm that way too. It takes guts to perform before millions of people." With that sort of philosophy, how can she lose?





After 14 years of riding the range in the smash hit TV series *Bonanza*, Lorne Greene was looking forward to a well-earned retirement with his wife, Nancy, and his ten-year old daughter, Gillian. Greene had earned more than enough money during his years on the hit western show to be able to spend the rest of his days relaxing and riding horses through the pine forests near his home at Lake Tahoe.

However, when Greene signed on aboard the *Battlestar Galactica* as the wise, almost biblical Commander Adama, he found that he was riding a runaway rocket to stardom all over again. The two hour film version was an unqualified success when it was aired in Canada as a theatrical release. Early in the production stages 'Battlestar' was re-scheduled as a weekly series and what Lorne Greene thought was to be an easy two-day week role became a full-time occupation. He considered opting out of his contract but Executive Producer Glen Larson persuaded him to stay. Greene was just what the series needed in the way of charisma. Among a cast of largely unknown actors, the character of Adama, as portrayed by this veteran of TV, added a certain patriarchal presence to what might have otherwise been a mere cash-in on the success of *Star Wars*.

But Lorne Greene is far more than just a well-known leading man. In one episode of the regular TV series, a planet's death is attributed, at Greene's insistence, to pollution and "technology out of control".

Though Greene is the Commander of the most spectacular spaceship in the series he is a little concerned that the gadgetry may wear thin too quickly. "Special effects are good for three or four weeks," he says. "After that you have to rely on the situations and the characters to grab the attention of the audience."

If *Galactica's* writers can achieve that, then the *Battlestar* could be flying for many years to come. Perhaps even for as long as fourteen years!



Being a science fiction enthusiast of long-standing, Richard Hatch, who plays Captain Apollo, has plans for his role. As a child, Hatch loved the novels of Jules Verne. He continued to be a fan all through college: "I didn't know what I wanted to do, so I had no real interest in anything – except that I wanted to go to the Olympics; I wanted to be a pole-vaulter – and all day long I would sit there in class reading science fiction, until lessons were over, when I would go out and do sports."

It's hard for Hatch to name his favourite writers as he has read them all. Frank Herbert comes readily to mind as he is a great fan of the Dune Trilogy. "I just love science fiction. The authors seem almost psychic – telling you about the future, offering solutions, alternatives. And a lot of sf is very spiritual and metaphysical." And when he isn't reading science fiction he is practising another past-time, the oriental art of Tai Chi.

Meanwhile, Hatch is soaring around the galaxy fighting Cylon warriors. At first Hatch, aged 32, was reluctant to take on the role of Apollo, fearing the show would be another **Star Wars**, a film he felt lacked "believability" and "humanity".

He gives Executive Producer Glen Larson full credit for convincing him that 'Galactica' was a series about everyday people – except that it is set millions of miles from Earth. Captain Apollo, says Hatch, "is a vulnerable person who risks his life and who is not above making mistakes – a very *human* being."

Born in Santa Monica, California, Hatch studied classical piano until he was 12 years old. Later he took to acting and eventually became a regular – for two years – opposite Karl Malden, in *The Streets of San Francisco*.

"My goal is not only to develop as an actor, but as a human being. I don't want to become a great actor at the expense of me."

CHESS-PLAYERS OF SPACE

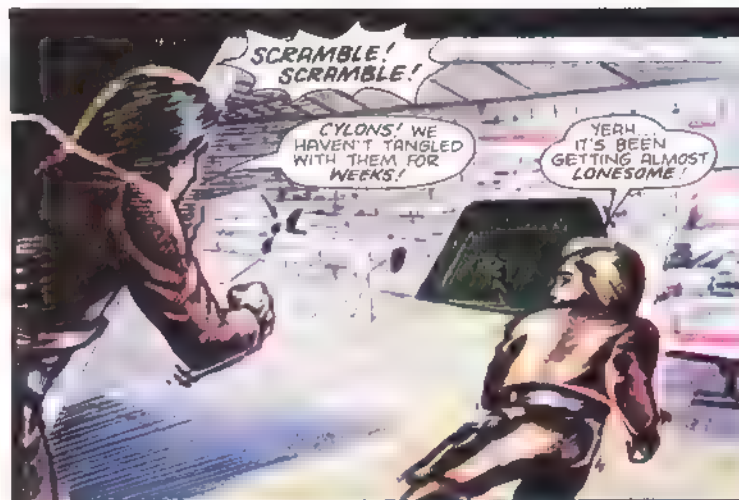
DEEP IN THE WASTES OF SPACE
A CYLON MOTHERSHIP SHELTERS
IN THE LEE OF AN UNCHARTED
WORLD, DISGORGING DEATH...

THE FIRST MOVE IN A DEADLY
GAME... A GAME OF WITS
AND BLOODSHED WHICH
DELIGHTS THE CYLON'S
ILLUSTRIOUS LEADER...

NOW, AFTER ALL
THESE MONTHS, I HAVE
FOUND YOU, ADAMA, AND
ALL YOUR VILE HUMAN
BREED! AND NOW I SHALL
DESTROY YOU!

BUT A GAME THAT BRINGS NO
SMILE TO THE LIPS OF
COMMANDER ADAMA... ONLY
A VOLLEY OF TERSE
COMMANDS.

CYLON ATTACK!
SCRAMBLE RED ALERT!
ALERT ALL DEFENCE
POSITIONS!



AND AS APOLLO AND STARBUCK LEAD THE GALACTICA'S VIPER SHIPS OUT INTO THE VOID

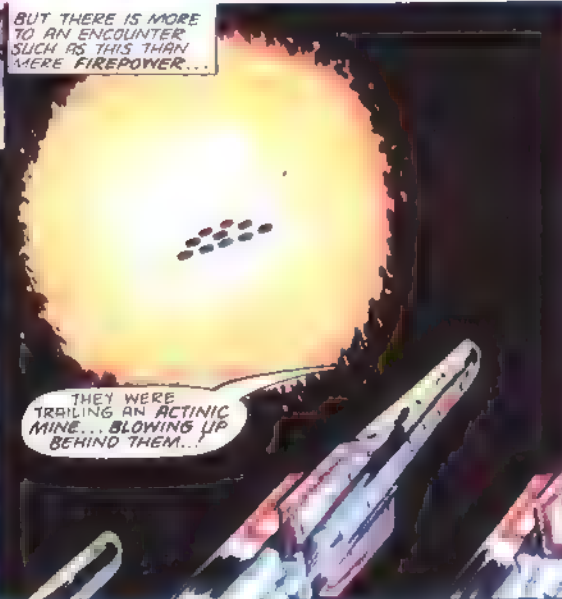


THE BATTLE IS BEGUN, WITH MAN AND CYLON MERE PAWNS IN SOME GREATER DESIGN...

ONLY TEN? WE'LL HANDLE THEM ALRIGHT!

VECTOR 3-7! A FLIGHT OF TEN CYLONS!

BUT THERE IS MORE TO AN ENCOUNTER SUCH AS THIS THAN MERE FIREPOWER...

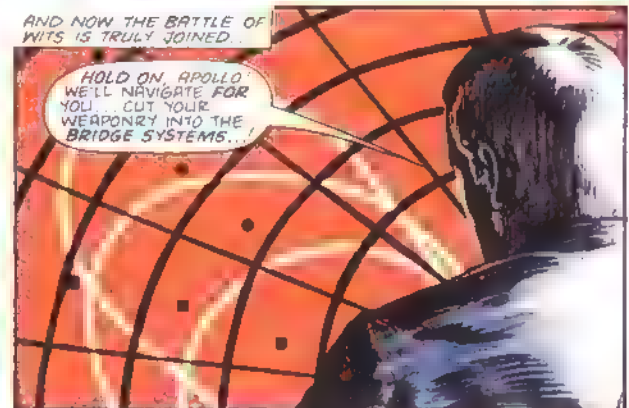


THEY WERE TRAILING AN ACTINIC MINE... BLOWING UP BEHIND THEM...

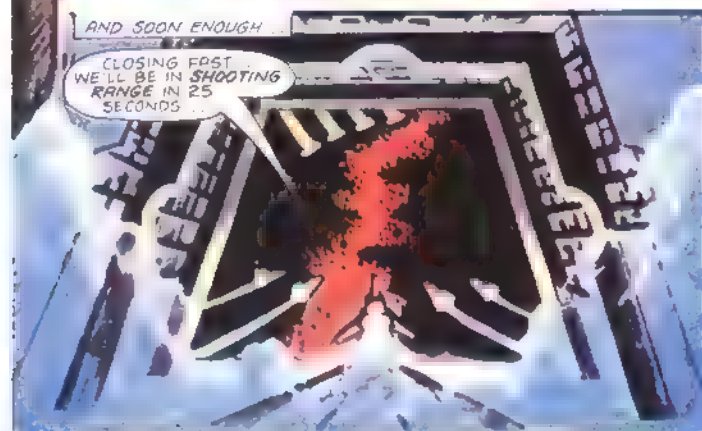
AND...



AND NOW THE BATTLE OF WITS IS TRULY JOINED.



HOLD ON, APOLLO. WE'LL NAVIGATE FOR YOU... CUT YOUR WEAPONRY INTO THE BRIDGE SYSTEMS...



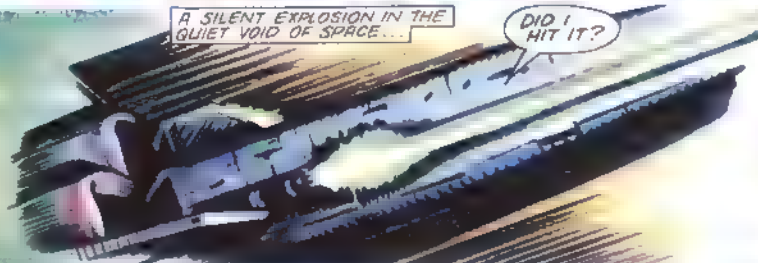
AND SOON ENOUGH

CLOSING FAST WE'LL BE IN SHOOTING RANGE IN 25 SECONDS



AND AS ADAMA CAREFULLY MANOEUVRES HIS PLAYERS

NOW, APOLLO... FIRE!



A SILENT EXPLOSION IN THE QUIET VOID OF SPACE...

DID I HIT IT?



DEAD CENTRE! BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR CELEBRATING...

NOW, VECTOR 11-5... AND YOU CAN COME IN ON THEIR TAILS!



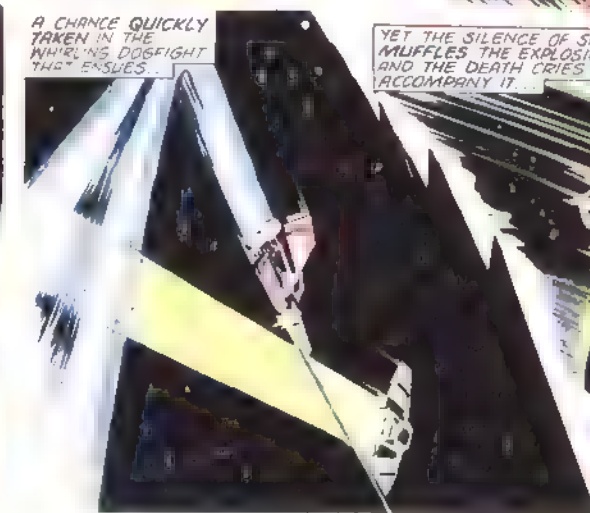
A MANOEUVRE THAT CAUSES INSTANT CONCERN TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS LEADER...

THE FOOLS! PUT IN THE SECOND FLIGHT!

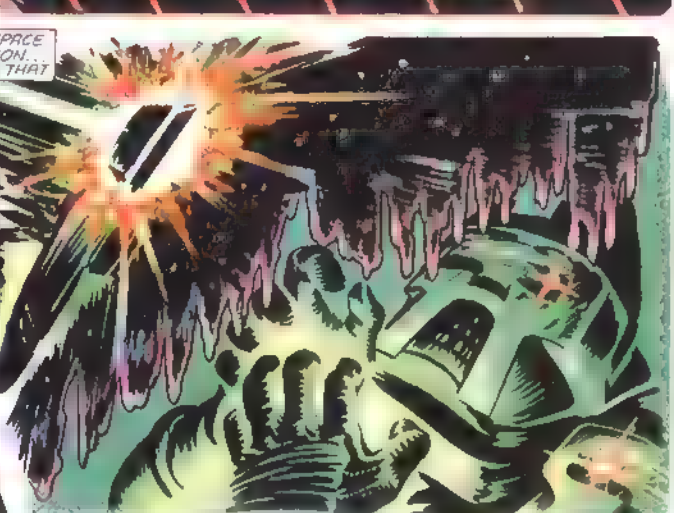


BUT BEFORE THE CYLON REINFORCEMENTS CAN APPEAR...

HEY! MY VISION'S CLEARING! NOW WE'VE GOT A CHANCE...



A CHANCE QUICKLY TAKEN IN THE WHIRLING DOGFIGHT THAT ENSUES...



YET THE SILENCE OF SPACE MUFFLES THE EXPLOSION... AND THE DEATH CRIES THAT ACCOMPANY IT.

BUT THEN...

APOLLO! STARBUCK!
GET OUT OF THERE!
THERE'S ANOTHER
FLIGHT ON YOUR TAIL...
SANDWICHING YOU!

I SEE THEM,
FATHER! PULL OUT
FAST YOU GUYS!

THEY'VE GOT
KAREL...

YET AS THE VIPERS LOOP
THROUGH THE VOID...

THEY'RE
SHOOTING UP
THEIR OWN
SHIPS!

I'M BEGINNING
TO LIKE THE ODDS!

AND THE FINAL
MOVE IS MADE...

NOW!
YOU CAN RIP THEM
TO SHREDS

YAHOO! IT'S
LIKE SHOOTING FISH
IN A BARREL!

AND...

ALL OUR CRAFT
ARE DESTROYED.
ILLUSTRIOS LEADER!
SHALL WE LAUNCH
THIRD FLIGHT?

AND AS THE CYLON MOTHER-
SHIP DISAPPEARS INTO THE
VAST DISTANCE...

COME HOME,
RED FLIGHT... YOU'VE
DONE A GOOD JOB!
WE'VE CHECKED THE
CYLONS... FOR A
WHILE AT LEAST...

NO, YOU BRAINLESS
CRETIN! THE HUMANS
WOULD BE ON US BEFORE
WE COULD DEFEND
OURSELVES! GET US
OUT OF HERE!

BUT IN A GAME OF DEATH
SUCH AS THIS, CAN THERE
EVER BE... CHECKMATE?

A large, metallic, humanoid figure, a Cylon, is positioned on the left side of the page. It has a complex, mechanical appearance with various plates, joints, and a long, segmented arm. The figure is set against a dark, textured background that resembles a night sky or a battlefield.

CYLONS

hunters of the
human race

In every good adventure film there must be a side representing Good and a faction representing Evil. And *Battlestar Galactica* is no exception.

The main villains of 'Battlestar' are the insidious Cylons, a partially mechanical race of seven-foot aliens who are determined to exterminate all human life in the Universe. Every member of the Cylon race is a cyborg or cybernetic organism. The metal armour that they wear is grafted to their skin shortly after birth, and in addition, electronic implants are inserted into their brains. A combination of these two factors ensures that Cylons are not only undefeatable warriors but are also totally loyal and never question authority. At least, that

was the original idea. Unfortunately, the obedience implants in the brain render the Cylon warriors robot-like and therefore almost incapable of individual thought. They are slow moving and cannot hit the side of a barn at three paces with the destructive laser rifles that are their favourite weapon.

The leader of these horrendous creatures is known as the **Imperious Leader**. He lives in the centre of the main Cylon base ship, usually atop a giant pedestal, surrounded by his blindly loyal soldiers. He believes that Mankind is a form of vermin that must be eliminated at all costs—they have destroyed the unity of the Universe by their very presence and must be wiped out if ever peace is to be restored. The Cylons had first struck, over a thousand years before the inhabitants of the 'Battlestar' were born, when



Above and below: Cylon Warriors and right: an Ovion.



the humans had interfered in the Cylon's subjugation of another race. It is for this reason that the human race is being systematically hunted down and destroyed.

The Cylons are a reptilian species and as such are cold-blooded, have grey, scaly skin and are generally unattractive. The Cylon warriors, or centurions, are expendable, stupid drones of the Imperious Leader. It takes three of them to fly one of their small fighters and they have to rely on surprise and vastly superior numbers when tackling Colonial fighters with their human pilots. All Cylon troops wear the characteristic, highly-polished armour and each warrior is equipped with a laser rifle, a sword and a communications device. Despite their slowness, Cylon warriors are not easy to destroy as their armour will deflect a laser beam that does not strike head on.

Allied to the Cylons in their bid to destroy all human life are a weird, insect-like race of creatures called the **Ovions**. Being insectoid, they have six limbs, compound eyes and a hard shell. Being a predominately female race the Ovions were easily defeated by the Cylons and in order to prevent the Cylons from eliminating her people, the queen of the Ovions, Lotay, agreed to sell her subjects into slavery. Shortly after this the Ovions were transported to a planet called Corillon, a small uninhabited world outside the Colonial solar system, and put to work mining Tylum. Long before, the humans had attempted to use this planet's natural resources, but it proved to be uneconomical. As the years passed, the Colonies never realised that Corillon was a source of fuel for their deadliest enemies.

The Ovions have opened up Corillon as a holiday resort to the races of the galaxy. Here they keep their guests happy and well-fed at very reasonable prices. The generosity of these peaceful, intelligent insects soon becomes legend throughout the Universe. But it becomes apparent that there is more to this incredibly cheap resort





Above: An Ovion and victim. Below: The Imperious Leader.



than meets the eye. As often as possible, without arousing suspicion on the part of the other guests, the Ovions bring holidaymakers down to the lower levels of the planet. Here they use plant-like pods to extract the best qualities of their captives. They are, in reality, using their guests for food! Minerals, bones, body fluids and even knowledge are broken down into basic components and used to feed young Ovions as they hatch from the eggs of Queen Lotay. Fortunately, a few Colonial warriors decide to investigate the strange disappearances and uncover their plot – but not before many colonists meet their doom.

This is the awful menace that confronts the last remaining members of the human race in their quest to discover the last outpost of Mankind. They must obliterate the Cylons or in turn be destroyed by this malevolence reptilian race. The Cylons make Attila the Hun and Genghiz Khan look like beginners and it will take all the ingenuity the Colonists can muster to reach Earth safely.

JOHN DYKSTRA

-creator of a sci-fi spectacular



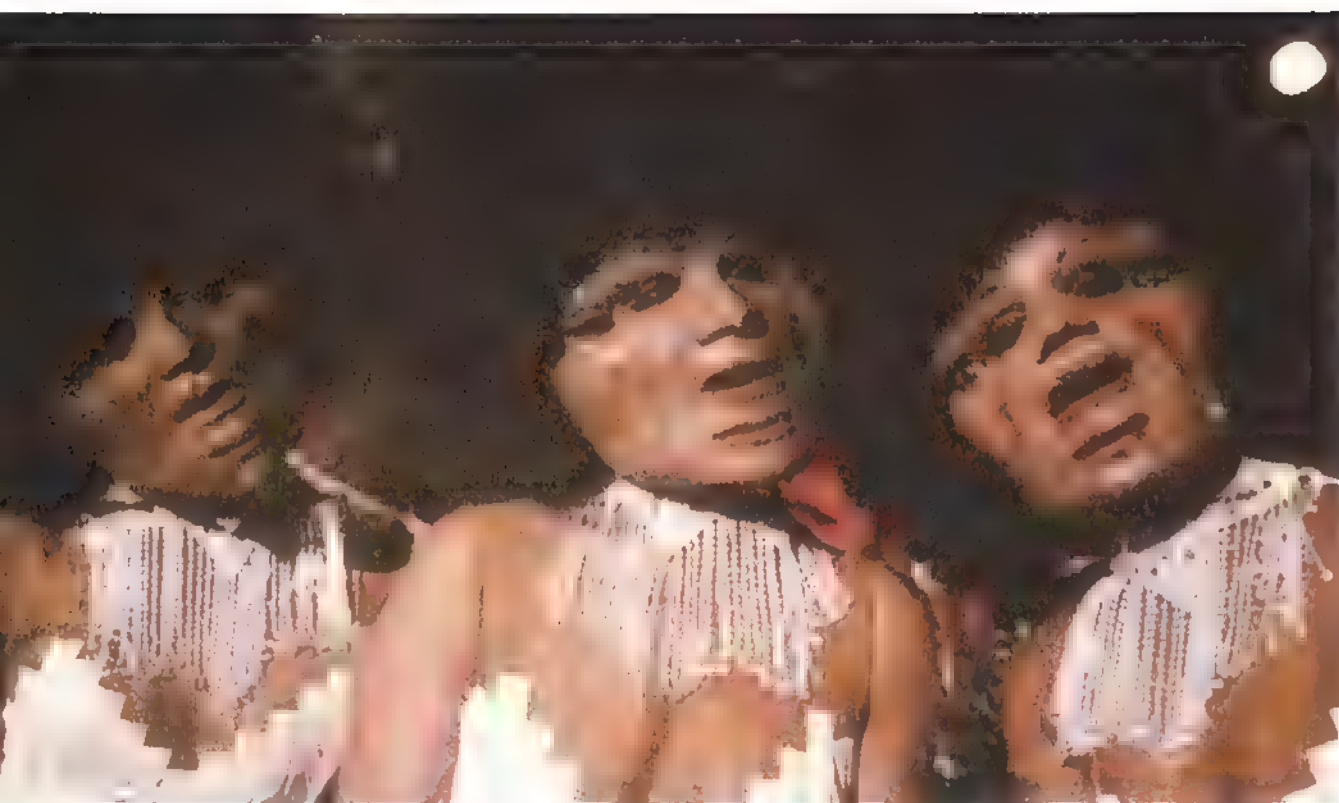
John Dykstra creates spaceships for a living. Not only that, he can build them more cheaply and more effectively than any American Space Programme. However John Dykstra is not a scientist, he is more an entertainer. He is one of those people whose names appear at the end of such films as *Star Wars* and *Silent Running*, though his face never appears on the screen. He is a Special Effects Technician.

Standing 6 foot 4 inches and sporting long, dark hair and an equally dark beard, John Dykstra faintly resembles a large, cuddly teddy bear. Being the son of a mechanical engineer who designs oilfield

equipment, Dykstra became interested in manufacturing machinery at an early age. He attended Long Beach State University where he studied industrial design and became particularly interested in graphics and photography. He worked, for a while, on TV commercials and industrial films until he met up with Douglas Trumbull, the creative genius behind the special effects on *2001: A Space Odyssey*. At the time Trumbull had just set up his own firm, *Silent Running*, which he would both create the special effects for and direct. He engaged Dykstra as camera-man/designer on this film and

since then Dykstra has not looked back.

Having also worked with Doug Trumbull on the sf film *The Andromeda Strain*, Dykstra was the natural choice of director George Lucas to supervise the model photography on yet another science fiction movie, *Star Wars*. This time, Dykstra and his team, known collectively as 'Industrial Light and Magic' were expected to create over 360 special effects. But with the entire film budgetted at only \$10 million, Dykstra had to radically rethink the conventional methods of putting spaceships on the screen.



Above: The nightclub singers on the planet Corillon and right: Mufley, the daggit.

The cheapest and easiest way is to use the blue screen process, in which a model is photographed against a pale blue background then superimposed over a starry background to create the illusion of a rocket hurtling around the galaxy. But this system has its drawbacks. When models are photographed this way, they often reflect their blue background around their edges. This shows up in the final footage as a pale blue halo and tends to detract from the realism of the effect. It was for that reason that Stanley Kubrick, director on '2001', rejected this method and instead chose the labourious and expensive hand-matte system. That is, for each frame of film involving a spaceship gliding past a background of stars, a hand-drawn silhouette or matte of the spacecraft is produced to block out the background of stars, thus preventing the stars showing through as a double exposure when the two pieces of film are combined.

So, for **Star Wars**, Dykstra decided to go back to the blue screen process, making a few

modifications along the way. Normally, the system produces automatic mattes through a complicated process. Models are shot against the blue screen using colour film. Then this shot is printed onto blue sensitive, black and white negative film which records only the blue background, leaving the area of the models clear. When this negative is printed onto positive black and white film the result is that the models come out as black silhouettes on a clear background. This is called a "travelling matte" and when combined with the colour shots of the spaceship and a starry background it enables the two to be combined - performing the same function as the hand-drawn mattes used in 2001.

However, Dykstra's main improvement to the blue screen process was to eliminate the risk of the models reflecting the blue light by cutting down the area of the blue screen used. By punching a hole through a mask to the approximate shape of the spaceship, Dykstra used only the portion of the screen immediately surrounding the

model, thereby reducing reflection and avoiding the blue halo effect. Thus he achieved the realism of '2001' without the time and expense.

Another innovation that Dykstra brought to the science of special effects was the development of the "Dykstra-flex" camera. When photographing models to simulate movement there is a difficulty in maintaining a constant light over the models. This is because as the model is moved the spotlights playing on it must be moved also. Dykstra decided that the easiest way to avoid this problem was to keep the models stationary and move the camera instead! By attaching the camera to a long boom arm, which in turn is mounted on a short railway track, Dykstra eliminated the need to alter the position of the models. But there was still a problem. How could the exact movements of the camera be duplicated when it came to adding further special effects like laser-blasts and more spaceships. The answer lay in computers. Dykstra decided that he would hook his

camera system up to a computer which could remember to the nearest fraction of an inch the previous movements of the camera system. Therefore it was possible to film the various components - several spaceships, their lasers, assorted planets and a starry background - many months apart, simply because the computer never forgot those camera movements.

It is these brilliant innovations that Dykstra has brought with him from **Star Wars** to **Battlestar Galactica**. Modifications have been made to the system and to Dykstra's methods of working as 'Battlestar' was created for television in America, though we will see the first episode in this country in our cinemas. "The fill-ratio of the screen has to be higher," states Dykstra. "On a small television screen, the ships must seem larger, and move more slowly in order to have impact. In **Star Wars** we would zoom a ship up and away with breathless effect. On the TV the effect is lost. So we've done two things to compensate: most of our ships in 'Battlestar' have wings, totally unnecessary in space, but helpful on the small screen to put over the feeling of graceful flight. For example, if you constructed a spheroidal spaceship, the audience couldn't easily tell in what direction it was moving, especially in close-ups. So wings help to establish a frame of reference. Also, we're using vapour trails from engine exhausts. This helps to reinforce the illusion of speed, although it's a pure cheat since there are no vapour trails in space."

Dykstra pauses to add weight to his words: "There's no room for subtlety on a small TV screen. For example, the backdrop of black sky and millions of twinkling stars; for **Star Wars** it was a masterpiece of various shades of brightness to create a 3-dimensional effect. When we turned on our new star background for 'Battlestar', everyone in the studio laughed. It looked like a blazing white marquee, but on the TV it appears as the natural night sky."

The problem of the illusion of size gave Dykstra and his team a headache when it came to producing special effects for the TV screen. One way to make an object appear larger than it really is, is to employ sharply contrasting light and shade. ■ method that would be disastrous on TV. "Too much light," remarks Dykstra, "leave a red streak across the screen. In between white and black, the range of grey values is compressed on TV, so it's very difficult to achieve contrast dynamics."

The hub of the **Battlestar Galactica** effects factory is a converted two-story warehouse in Van Nuys, California.

Glen Larson.

Despite the impression of busyness and hard work that the warehouse studio presents to visitors, Dykstra and his crew have fitted out their place of work with a few luxuries too. "Out in front of the building," says Dykstra, "we have some trees and an enormous wooden tub that we filled up with water and use for our swimming pool. We also have a rope swing in one of the trees. I keep my Porche in the garage, which is right behind my office. It's a silly place and we have a real good time in it, but we make the best special effects anyone has ever seen."

The spaceships of **Battlestar**



The warehouse is partitioned off into three separate filming stages by heavy black curtains. The largest stage is occupied by the Dykstraflex camera which rests on 40 feet of miniature railway track and is surrounded by banks of lights and electronic consols. Behind one of the curtains lies a smaller stage where a laser is beamed against a movie screen to create the illusion of solar flares.

At any one point in the day, all three stages are in use, to ensure maximum economy of the facilities available. Shooting follows the storyboards, which are a plan of filming resembling a comic strip, worked out by Dykstra and executive producer

Galactica were not the only creations of John Dykstra to appear on the screen. He also designed and implemented the other mechanical marvels you see in the film. For example, the glittering Cylon warriors were dreamed up by Dykstra as well as the mechanical dog called a "daggit". The daggit effect was created by dressing a chimpanzee up in the bizarre suit we see in the final version of 'Battlestar'. Another 'Galactica' design is a robot with a see-through head so that you can actually watch his computer brain in motion. "It's fun," laughs Dykstra. "I've always loved machines and challenges. Only movies allow you to create

total realities out of things that aren't real."

The 'Galactica' ship itself appears to be 2000 feet long on the television screen, but the actual model is only 72 inches long and weighs a little over 4 stone. The illusion of great size is created by the meticulous attention to detail. Dykstra and his team built the Galactica almost entirely of components from plastic hobby kits, a joke

But just how difficult is it to create all these fabulous special effects on a weekly basis for a television series such as **Battlestar Galactica**? "It's really tough," states Dykstra emphatically. "Television shows are written as they're being filmed. In many cases the TV network will decide they don't like a particular character, so the script has to be rewritten. You can't work that way in this

dramatic, the tendency is to fill it with some special effects. Unfortunately for the network, I didn't shoot enough special effects to have spares laying around to fill the holes with. I shot all the effects I said I was going to shoot and we had incorporated them all into the show - but we had to use some of them a couple of times. I didn't have any control over that. I would like to say that I



Inside the 'model' workshop. Note the 72 inch long 'Galactica'.

which amuses him no end. The irony lies in the fact that the starship of the future was created from fragments of vehicles of the past, vehicles such as World War II battleships, tanks and aircraft. A closer inspection of the fabulous grille-work surrounding Galactica's massive rear engines reveals nothing more complicated than treads from model Sherman tanks!

particular medium and expect to have everything stay together. I storyboarded a show, shot by shot from beginning to end, before we ever began shooting. Then the script was changed four times, from the time it was storyboarded to the time it was put on film. It was even changed while it was being edited. That's fair because it always happens. The problem is that when there's a hole in the

did, and theoretically as the producer of the series I should have, but I didn't."

John Dykstra's final word on the subject of special effects could be taken as a piece of advice to anyone considering the creation of movie illusions as a career. "There are a hundred different ways to do any special effect, but the trick is to find the easiest route."

BANE OF BAALFAAR

VOYAGING ON THROUGH SPACE IN THE BARELY CHARTED FRINGES OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE, THE **GALACTICA** AND THE MOTLEY FLEET IT PROTECTS APPROACH AN UNEXPLORED PLANET, IDENTIFIED IN THEIR RECORDS ONLY AS **BAALFAAR**...

PREPARING TO
INSERT INTO
**PRELIMINARY
RECONNAISSANCE
ORBIT.**

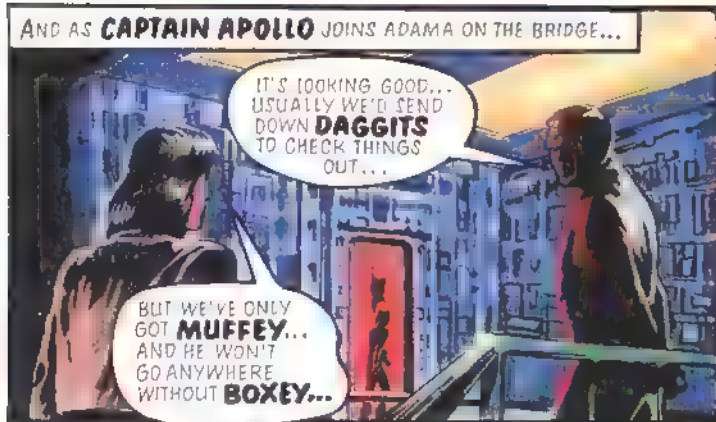
AND AS **COMMANDER ADAMA** PENSIVELY RECEIVES THE RESULTS OF THE PRELIMINARY SURVEYS...

NO EVIDENCE OF INTELLIGENT
LIFE - FORMS, COMMANDER...
DON'T SEEM TO BE **ANY
LARGE ANIMALS AT
ALL...**

THE ATMOSPHERE'S
BREATHABLE... BUT IT'S STRANGE!
THERE SEEMS TO BE CLOUDS OF
METHANE GAS FLOATING FREE
IN THE AIR!

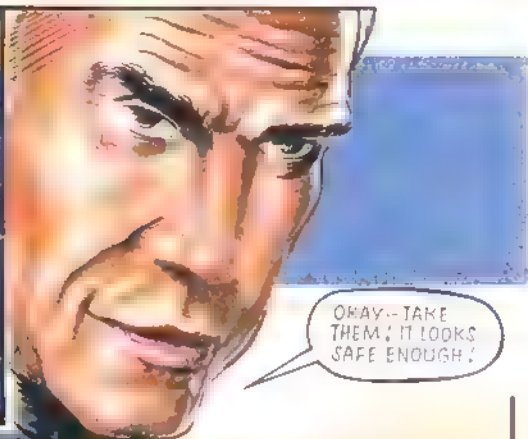
IT'S **PECULIAR...** BUT
THAT SHOULDN'T STOP US
SENDING DOWN A SURVEY
PARTY...

AND AS **CAPTAIN APOLLO** JOINS ADAMA ON THE BRIDGE...



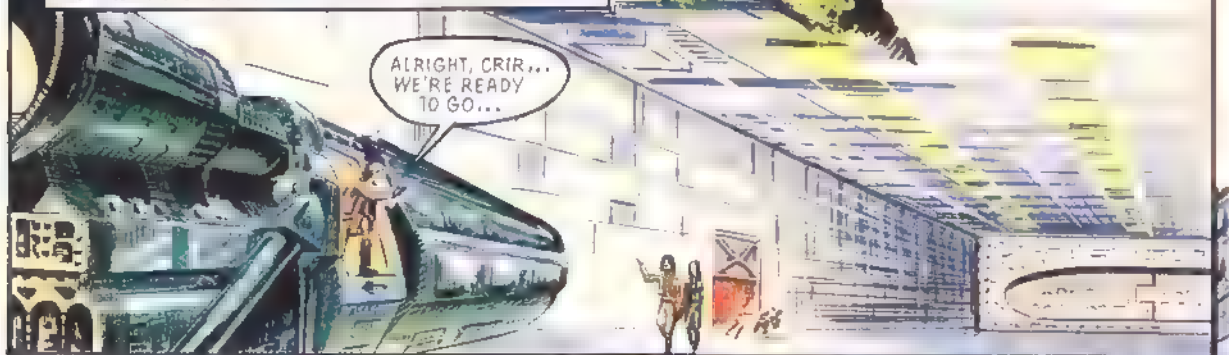
IT'S LOOKING GOOD...
USUALLY WE'D SEND
DOWN **DAGGITS**
TO CHECK THINGS
OUT...

BUT WE'VE ONLY
GOT **MUFFEY**...
AND HE WON'T
GO ANYWHERE
WITHOUT **BOXEY**...



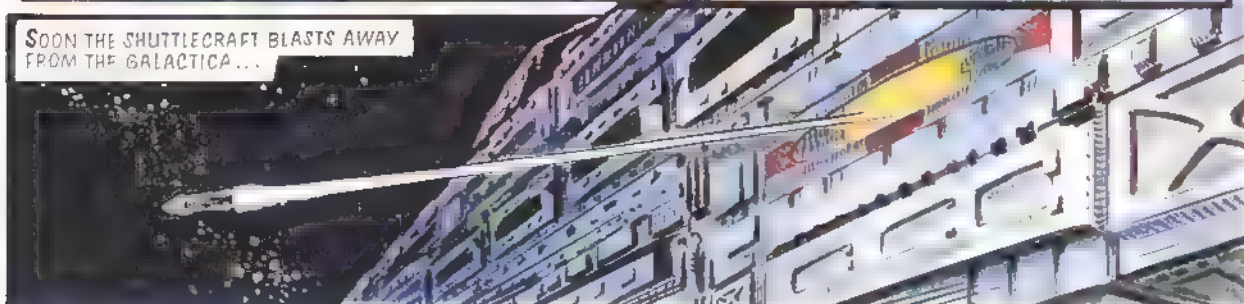
OHAY-- TAKE
THEM; IT LOOKS
SAFE ENOUGH!

AND, SOON ENOUGH, SIRENA, BOXEY AND MUFFEY
THE ANDROID DAGGIT, JOIN APOLLO AT A SHUTTLECRAFT...

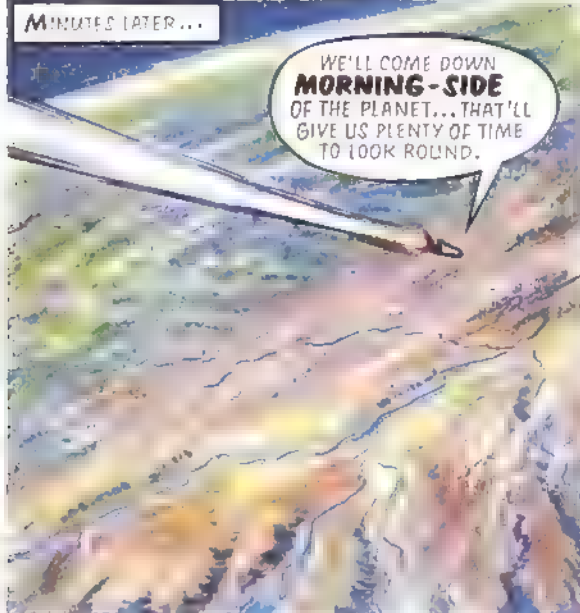


ALRIGHT, CRIR...
WE'RE READY
TO GO...

SOON THE SHUTTLECRAFT BLASTS AWAY
FROM THE GALACTICA...



MINUTES LATER...



WE'LL COME DOWN
MORNING-SIDE
OF THE PLANET... THAT'LL
GIVE US PLENTY OF TIME
TO LOOK ROUND.

THE SHUTTLE DESCENDS INTO A PEACEFUL VALLEY...



LOOKS AS GOOD
A PLACE AS ANY...
SET HER DOWN
GENTLY, CRIR!

THEN...

OUT YOU GO, MUFFEY...
WHILE WE CARRY OUT
THE FINAL CHECKS!



AND, WHEN ALL THE TESTS HAVE PROVED SAFE...

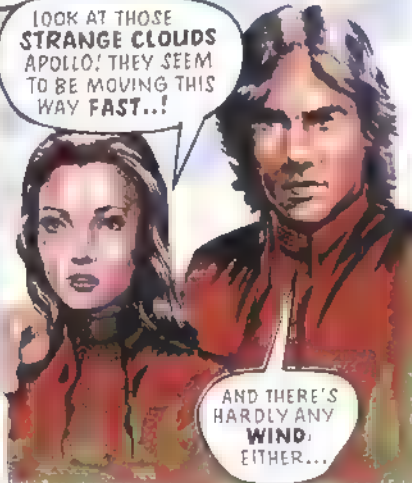
OKAY, EVERYBODY
BE **CAREFUL...**
STAY WITHIN
SIGHT!

AH, IT'S SO GOOD
TO HAVE **FRESH**
AIR TO BREATHE...
AND **SOLID GROUND**
UNDERFOOT!



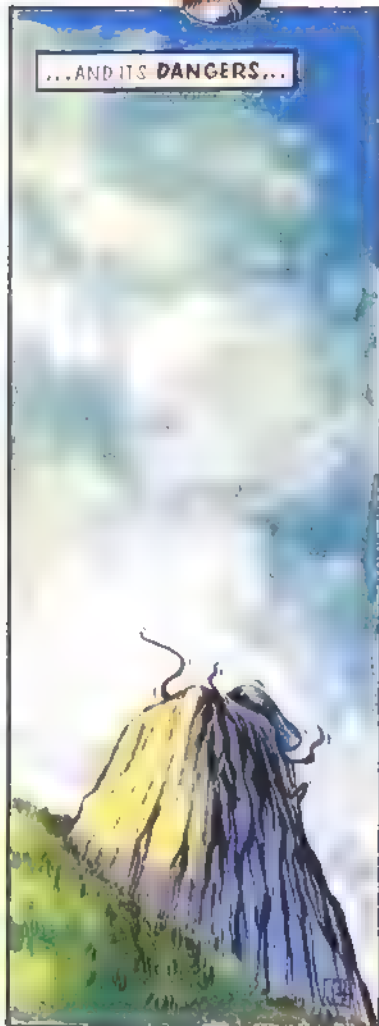
BUT A NEW PLANET ALWAYS HAS
ITS PUZZLES...

LOOK AT THOSE
STRANGE CLOUDS
APOLLO! THEY SEEM
TO BE MOVING THIS
WAY **FAST...**



AND THERE'S
HARDLY ANY
WIND,
EITHER...

...AND ITS **DANGERS...**



SWIFT, SINISTER, SILENT...



...AND **DEADLY...**

WHAT IN THE
NAME OF...? THAT
THING'S GOT **CRIR!**



AYAAGH!

APOLLO FIRES INSTINCTIVELY, AND...

IT'S **EXPLODING...
BURSTING INTO
FLAMES!**

THWUNK!

**CRIR! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?**

WHAT WAS IT?
IT LOOKED LIKE SOME
KIND OF **FLYING
JELLYFISH!**

BUT...

**DEAD! THE THING MUST
HAVE STINGING
TENTACLES! BUT WHY
DID IT EXPLODE? UNLESS
IT WAS SOME SORT OF
LIVING BALLOON,
FULL OF NATURAL
GAS...!**

BUT WHY DIDN'T
OUR **LIFE-FORM
SCANNERS**
SHOW IT UP?

MAYBE THE CREATURES
HAVE BODIES SO **FLIMSY**
WE ONLY PICKED THEM
UP AS **CLOUDS OF
METHANE GAS...**

TALKING OF
CLOUDS, **THOSE**
ARE GETTING
VERY CLOSE.

THEY'RE NOT CLOUDS!
THEY'RE **SWARMS OF
THE THINGS! RUN
FOR IT! BACK TO
THE SHUTTLE!**

BOXEY!

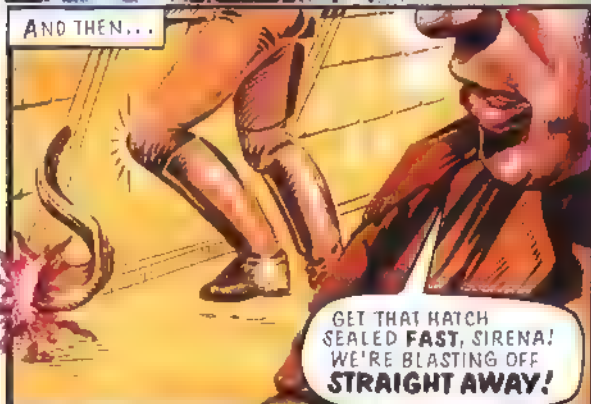
YET SMALL LEGS CAN ONLY RUN SO FAST...

**HELP!
MOM!**

BUT THAT IS JUST FAST ENOUGH!

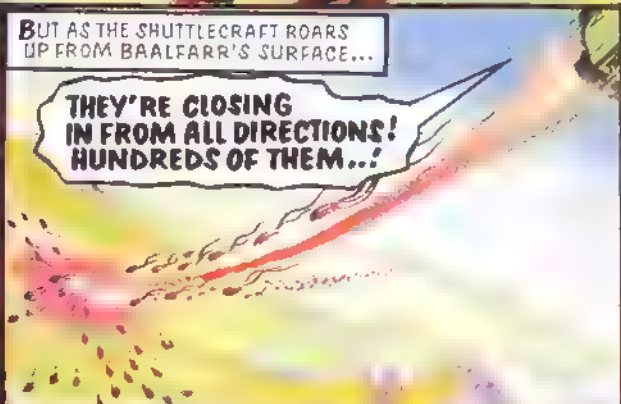


AND THEN...



**GET THAT HATCH
SEALED FAST, SIRENA!
WE'RE BLASTING OFF
STRAIGHT AWAY!**

**BUT AS THE SHUTTLECRAFT ROARS
UP FROM BAALFARR'S SURFACE...**



**THEY'RE CLOSING
IN FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!
HUNDREDS OF THEM...!**

**ONE OF THEM'S
GOT A HOLD ON
THE OUTSIDE!
CAN'T SHAKE
IT OFF!**



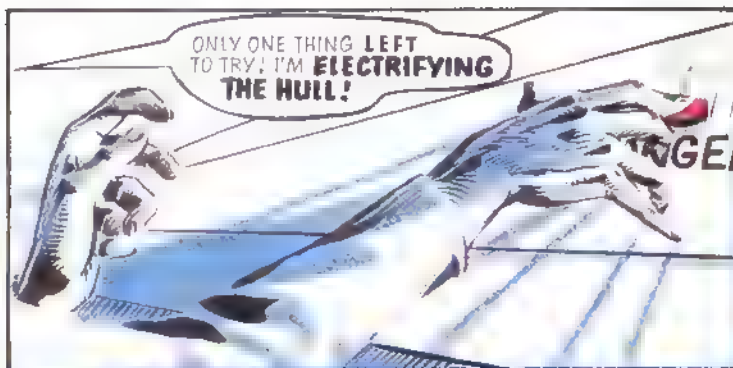
**MORE OF THEM!
THEY'RE ATTACKING
THE SHIP!**



**THEY'RE DRAGGING
US BACK DOWN!
THE ENGINES WON'T
TAKE MUCH MORE!**



**CAN'T YOU
DO
SOMETHING!**

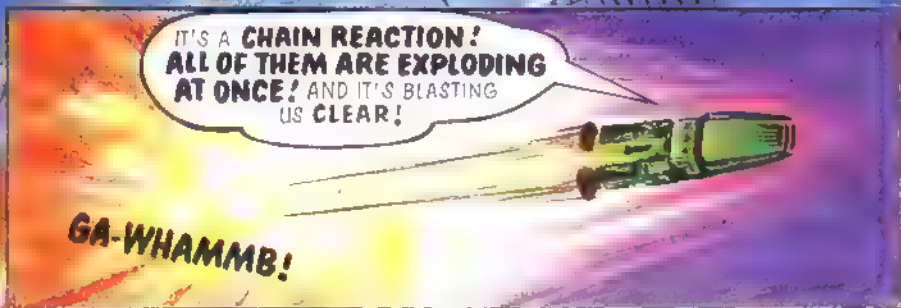


ONLY ONE THING LEFT
TO TRY! I'M **ELECTRIFYING
THE HULL!**

AT FIRST, THERE IS ONLY A CRACKLE OF
POWER, FOLLOWED BY A SECOND'S PAUSE
THAT SEEMS TO STRETCH AWAY INTO
ETERNITY...



AND THEN...



IT'S A **CHAIN REACTION!**
**ALL OF THEM ARE EXPLODING
AT ONCE!** AND IT'S BLASTING
US CLEAR!

GA-WHAMMB!

AND FINALLY...

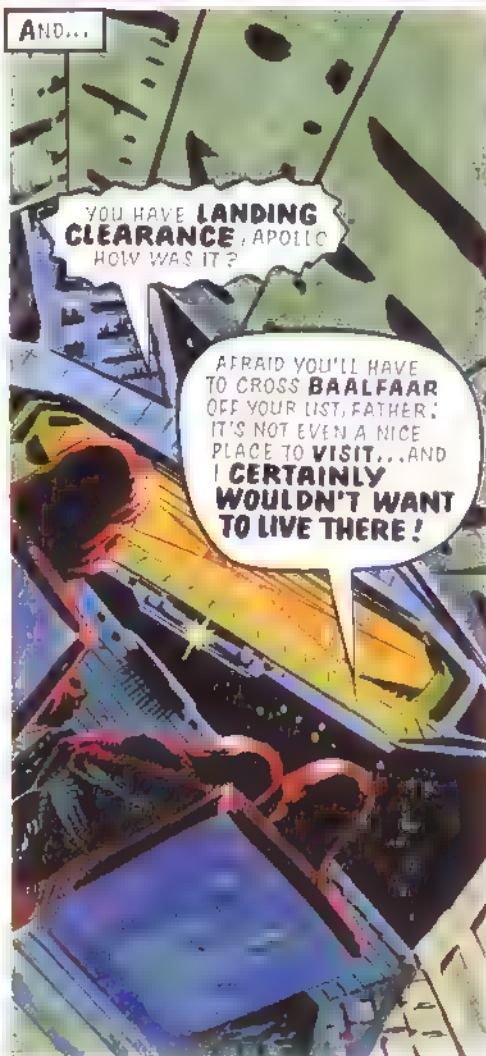
WE'RE **OKAY** NOW...
WE'LL BE BACK ABOARD
THE **GALACTICA** IN A
FEW MINUTES...



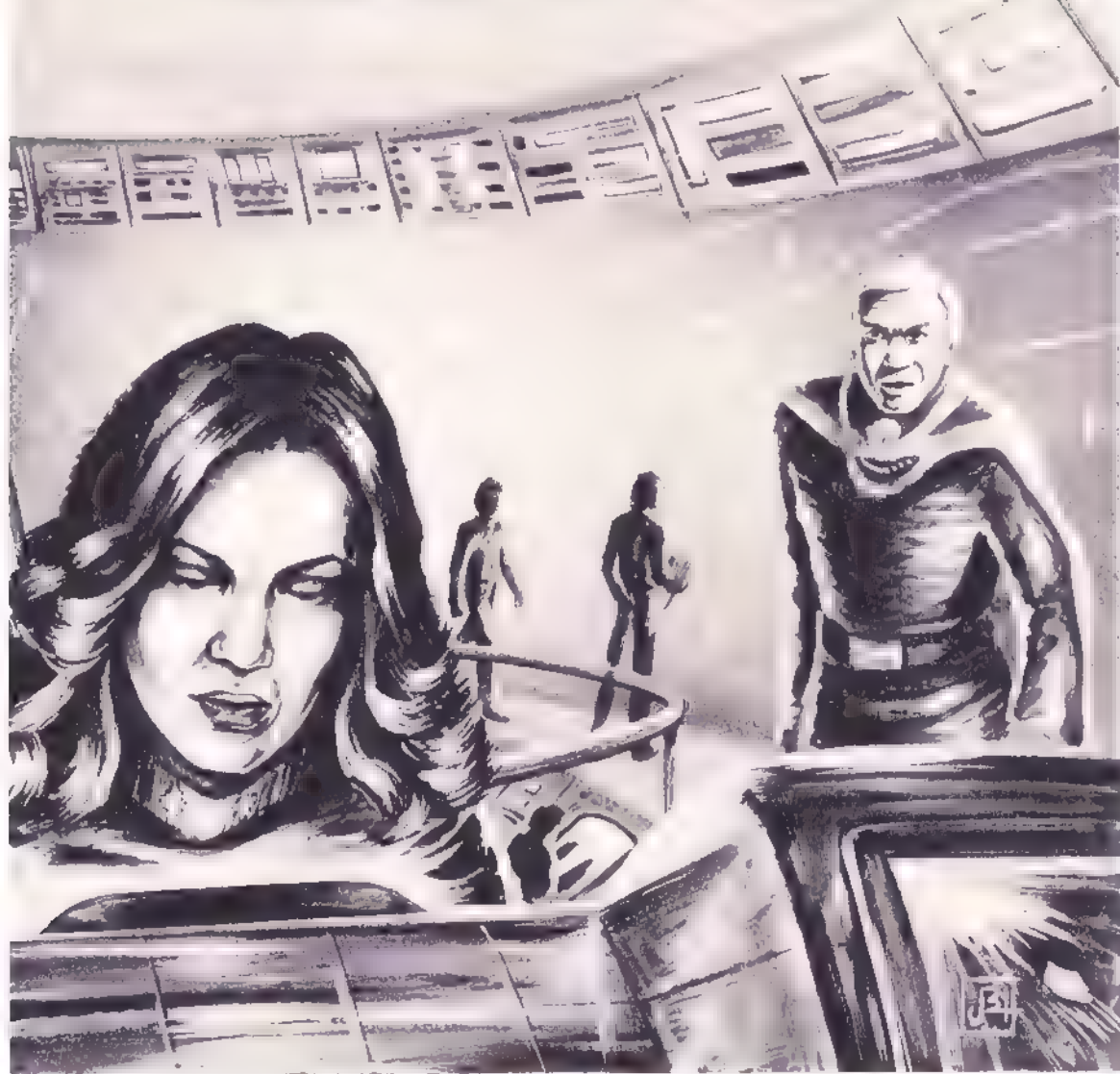
AND...

YOU HAVE **LANDING
CLEARANCE**, APOLO.
HOW WAS IT?

AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE
TO CROSS **BAALFAAR**
OFF YOUR LIST, FATHER:
IT'S NOT EVEN A NICE
PLACE TO **VISIT**... AND
I **CERTAINLY
WOULDN'T WANT
TO LIVE THERE!**



HIJACK IN SPACE



"The *Astrail*! It's leaving the line, father!" Athena's voice cut through the drone on the *Galactica*'s bridge. Commander Adama was at her side in an instant.

"That's Targ's ship, isn't it?" he said, as the starfield suddenly lit with a view of the small armada of ships following the *Galactica*. And there, as Athena had said, was the *Astrail*, manoeuvring slowly away from the others... one of the few passenger-liners to survive the Cylon attack on the colonies.

"Get Targ on the screen!" Adama barked shortly.

But it was not Targ who answered their call. Rather it was Garika, the *Astrail*'s communi-

cations officer, and they could instantly see that all was not well. Harsh-faced, Garika began speaking with desperate speed, ignoring their questions.

"Targ's gone berserk! He's taking the ship to Sansar... figures he can make peace with the Cylons if they see the ship's unarmed... he's crazy... you've got to stop him or we'll all be killed... what... no..." Garika turned suddenly in his seat, looking in terror towards something or someone they could not see. "No..."

The screen suddenly went blank. The starfield still showed the *Astrail* moving further from the main group, but now there was no response to Athena's continued calls.



"We've got to do something fast . . ." Adama said, more to himself than anyone else, though his words rang across a now hushed and silent bridge. "Get Apollo and Starbuck here right away . . . and I want plans of the *Astraia* on screen, so we can find all its vulnerable points . . ."

"But father . . ." Athena began, uncertain of his drift, "we can't *attack* the *Astraia* . . . there are over a hundred ordinary civilians aboard, and . . ."

"No . . . we're going to have to be more subtle than that . . . get a shuttlecraft ready for immediate launch . . . and where is Apollo?"

"This sounds crazy to me . . ." Starbuck said turning to Apollo. "The *Astraia* might be a passenger-ship . . . but she's armed, remember? I was over there when we were installing the weapons systems. And now they're sending us over there in a *shuttle*?"

"Have you got any better ideas?" Apollo asked, making a minor adjustment to the controls before turning to his companion in the co-pilots seat next to him. "You think we should go in there guns blazing, maybe?"

"I know we can't do that . . ." Starbuck said, looking toward the *Astraia* as they moved slowly closer. "But we're unarmed . . . they could just blast us into nothingness before we got anywhere near them. I'm just telling you I don't like the odds . . ."

"I could have taken Boomer with me instead . . ." Apollo said edgily, frustrated at the slowness of their approach.

"Not without losing time . . . in two or three minutes they'll have moved far enough away from the other ships to cut in the main drive . . . we'll never get over there in time . . ."

"That depends on whether they ignore us or not . . ." Apollo told him. "Targ must be aware that we're out here . . . so now's the time to whet his curiosity . . ."

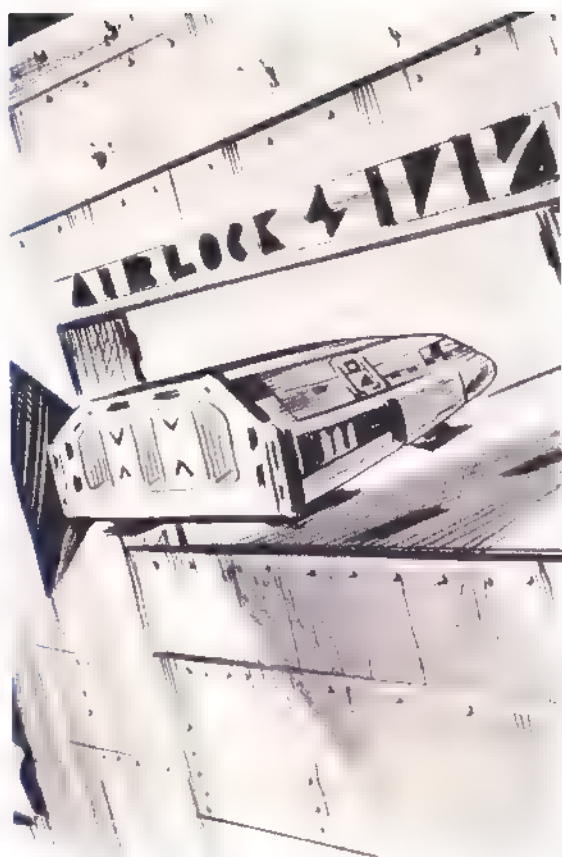
"Then do something fast!" Starbuck exclaimed. "They're opening up on us!"

"Only a warning shot . . ." Apollo said, watching the laser-bolt flash past them, only yards away. He reached forward to the control console, flicking a switch.

"Hello, *Astraia* . . . hold your fire!" Apollo began, an unusual edge of panic to his voice, though his face remained as impassive as ever. "We're on your side! We want to come with you . . . we had to steal this shuttle, and . . ."

"Identify yourselves!" a sharp voice commanded from the *Astraia*, that they instantly recognised as Captain Targ's. "Switch on your viewscreen!"

"We can't . . ." Apollo said, smiling knowingly toward Starbuck, though keeping his voice edgy. "The viewscreen got knocked out in the fight when we were getting away . . . we've only got voice-communication. I'm Grovar . . . I've got Birtal with me! You've got to take us with you . . . that old tyrant Adama'll kill us if we go back . . ."



Starbuck winced slightly as he looked at his friend, hoping silently that his father wasn't listening in, back aboard the *Galactica*. But Apollo was certainly making it sound convincing. There was a brief silence aboard the *Astraia* as the shuttle moved slowly closer. Starbuck stared at the sleek ship ahead of them, aerodynamically stream-lined for its descent into planetary atmospheres, with stubby steering vanes mounted behind a pair of short delta wings. It had been a long time since Starbuck had gone planet-hopping on a ship like that.

Apollo turned toward him, looking worried as the silence continued. "Guess I'd better give them another call," he said. "For all we know, they could blast us into nothingness at any moment!"

But there was still no response from the *Astraia* as Apollo opened up communications once more, trying to whine convincingly. "Captain Targ! Please . . . you must help us! Adama may have the rest of the survivors brainwashed into thinking we're going to find this 'lost colony' he calls 'Earth' . . . but not us! Everyone'll end up dead if we keep following Adama all over the galaxy! We want out . . . and you're our only hope!"

"That's laying it on a bit heavy . . ." Starbuck whispered as they waited for a reply.

"Sure . . ." Apollo told him. "But what else can I say? If Targ's this crazy, we have to make



him believe we're crazy too! He'll have to make his mind-up soon though . . . we're within a few seconds of docking now . . ."

"And you know what'll happen if he makes the wrong decision and cuts in the main drive now . . . we get sucked into the vortex behind the ship, and . . ."

"Why don't you just say we're dead men? It's a lot simpler . . ." Apollo said, cutting in the manoeuvring jets with icy calm as he began the initial docking approach. Still the silence continued, each second dragging out into an eternity.

"Come into docking bay four . . ." Targ's voice suddenly commanded. "And if you have weapons, leave them aboard the shuttle . . ."

"Fat chance!" said Starbuck as Apollo switched the radio off. "We go in blasting, right? I may be walking into a trap, but I'm not quietly going in there and committing suicide . . ."

"A lot depends on how many men Targ has with him," Apollo said, checking his blaster and slipping it back into his holster before making the final docking manoeuvre. "I figure he's probably got the passengers locked away in the cargo hold. If it's just him, we'll be okay once we're aboard . . ."

"Call it gambler's intuition if you like . . ." Starbuck said, taking another blaster from a compartment on the wall and drawing his own from its holster as well. " . . . but I *know* he is not alone . . ."

Within the *Astraid's* docking bay, the shuttle

stood quietly as Apollo and Starbuck waited for the giant sliding doors to close behind, watching as the exterior atmosphere sensor showed rising pressure outside as air was pumped into the bay.

"No sign of anyone coming . . ." Apollo remarked as the sensor showed the atmosphere was now breathable outside.

"Then let's get out there quick!" Starbuck said, moving toward the door with blasters in both hands. Apollo followed, drawing his own gun.

The door slid open slowly, and instantly Starbuck could see two men coming into the bay toward them. Both wore blasters at their hips, and both looked round suddenly as the shuttle's door opened.

"Apollo and Starbuck!" One of them shouted, reaching for his gun.

"We've been tricked!" the other yelled. "Kill them . . ."

The man had no time to finish what he was saying. Starbuck was too good a shot for that, even when he was jumping down from the shuttle and running forward with both guns blazing. Apollo, still standing in the shuttle doorway, picked off the other man with a shoulder-shot before he could draw his gun. The man went down groaning, clutching at his shoulder, and then was still.

"Nothing else we could do . . ." Apollo said, running to catch up with Starbuck. "It was us or them . . ."

Moving out of the docking bay, they found themselves in the *Astrala's* interior corridors. There was no sign of any further opposition.

Both men had studied the *Astrala's* blueprints during the early part of their shuttle-trip, and Apollo knew that while the cargo hold was quite near at hand, the bridge was at the other end of the ship. And that was where Targ would be . . .

"Looks like Targ can't have too many men after all," Starbuck said, surveying the empty corridor. "We might pull this off after all . . ."

"Maybe . . . but we'll need all the help we can get! You head for the cargo hold, Starbuck. If you can release the passengers . . . round up every able-bodied man . . . arm them with whatever you can . . ."

"And what are you going to be doing while I'm getting myself shot to pieces on the way to the cargo hold, Apollo? I mean, I don't see why I should have all the fun . . ."

Apollo smiled briefly, knowing Starbuck's jibe was more good-natured than it sounded. "You won't . . . but the cargo-hold should give you something to do while I go and have a quiet word with our friend Targ . . ."

"Okay, well if you're still around, I'll see you on the bridge later!" Starbuck said, and without a further word he was off and running down the corridor. Apollo paused for only a second to look after his friend, then turned and set off in the other direction.

The corridor soon led him to a moving walkway that he knew ran almost the length of the ship, and Apollo ran down the sliding pavement as fast as he was able. He knew that Targ would realise by now that something had gone wrong, as his men would not have reported back. So if Apollo had lost the advantage of surprise, speed was all that was left to him . . .

Two minutes later, he saw the end of the walkway ahead . . . and another of Targ's companions standing waiting for him, blaster in hand. Apollo kept running forward as the man raised the gun to shoulder level, taking careful aim. Then, at the last moment, Apollo threw himself down in a slide that took him off the walkway onto the stationary pavement that ran by its side. The man's shot sizzled over his head.

Before his opponent could aim again, Apollo threw himself back onto the walkway, sliding forward on his stomach. For an instant, the man was confused by having a moving target once more . . . and that instant was all Apollo needed to raise his blaster in a two-handed grip before him . . . and pull the trigger.

The man screamed briefly, tumbling backwards. But by that time Apollo was on his feet again, running forward. The moving walkway came to an end, and Apollo pounded toward the elevators that would take him up to the bridge.

Apollo reached the elevator doors and punched the 'Call' button, then realised that Targ would see a light up on the bridge, and be waiting for





him. But a second elevator, a few yards down the corridor, led up to the other side of the bridge. Apollo ran on to that one, punching the button. The doors opened immediately.

Apollo waited tensely as the elevator silently ascended for a few seconds, then halted. Blaster in hand, he waited for the doors to slide back.

The first thing he saw was Targ, facing away from him, looking toward the other elevator with a blaster in his hand. Another man, similarly armed, stood next to him. Apollo stepped out onto the bridge.

"Stand where you are, Targ . . ." Apollo began, then saw from the corner of his eye that there was a third man on the bridge, standing near the elevator doors, previously unseen. And the third man was already turning a gun toward him . . .

Apollo dived rapidly, getting off a snap-shot which sent the man reeling backwards, groaning. But now Targ and his friend had had time to turn and take cover. Apollo rolled swiftly behind one of the communication consoles as laser blasts cut the air around him.

An acrid smell of burning insulation assailed Apollo's nostrils as more shots pounded into the console and vaporous strands of black smoke began to drift across the bridge. All Apollo could do was sit there, not even daring to stick his head out for a look. After a while, Targ stopped senselessly trying to smash the console apart with gunfire, and there was a brief lull.

"Targ!" Apollo shouted. "Give it up . . .

you've no hope! Starbuck's already freed your prisoners . . . they'll be on their way here!"

"No!" Targ screamed, a manic edge to his voice. "I'll blow the ship up first!"

Apollo paused, uncertain. Targ undoubtedly could blow the ship up . . . probably from right where he stood. Then, on the opposite side of the bridge, Apollo saw the ascending light come on at the other set of elevator doors. He had to keep Targ talking for a little longer . . .

"How can you fight an entire ship's crew and passengers, Targ? There are only two of you now . . . and Starbuck's on his way!"

"You're lying!" Targ shouted.

"He's not . . ." Starbuck announced, stepping out of the other elevator and blasting down Targ's companion as the man span round. Targ leaped toward the ship's main control panel . . . and into Apollo's line of fire. As he saw Targ's finger stabbing out to overload the main engines and blow them all to pieces, Apollo knew he had no other alternative. His shot took Targ full in the back and he collapsed, draped over the control console.

Apollo got slowly to his feet, turning towards Starbuck and the handful of crewmen who had followed him to the bridge. He could see a relief in Starbuck's face which he knew mirrored his own.

"Do you want to fly this crate back to the *Galactica*, or shall I?" Apollo said simply. Starbuck merely shrugged. There was nothing else to say . . .



Boomer



Boxey



Muffey

AMAZONS SPACE

AS THE GALACTICA CONTINUES ITS VOYAGE THROUGH SPACE, WITH COLONEL TIGH REPLACING ADAMA ON THE BRIDGE FOR A WHILE, A STRANGE BROADCAST IS PICKED UP FROM AN UNKNOWN WORLD...

I AM ELYANA OF ORKEESH... IF ANYONE'S WITHIN RECEPTION RANGE, WE NEED HELP! OUR PLANET'S UNDER ATTACK BY ALIENS...



WE CANNOT LAST MUCH LONGER! THE ALIENS HAVE AWESOME WEAPONS... THIS IS ONE OF THEM...

CYLONS!



WE WON'T BE IN LANDING RANGE FOR ANOTHER TWENTY MINUTES...

EVEN THEN, WE CAN'T JUST GO STRAIGHT IN THERE BLASTING! GET APOLLO AND STARBUCK UP TO THE BRIDGE, ATHENA...

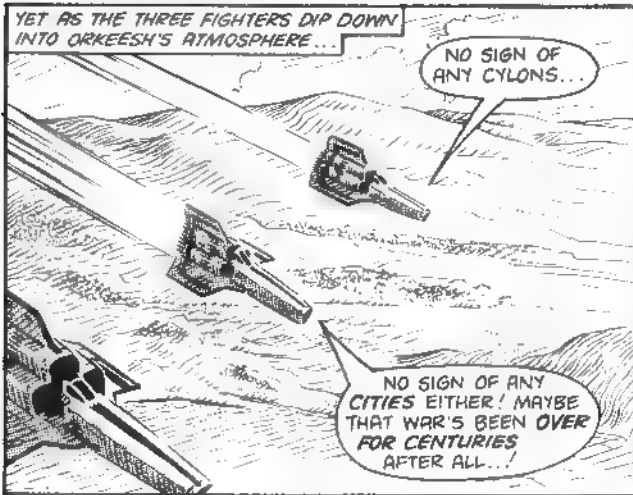


... RESCUE US... LANDING CO-ORDINATES ARE...

HEY! I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS ALREADY!

COOL OFF, STARBUCK... THAT MESSAGE HAS BEEN REPEATING AUTOMATICALLY...





THEN, AS THEY DESCEND
INTO THE CITY...

ONLY THREE
OF YOU? HOW CAN
THAT HELP?

WE'RE JUST
THE ADVANCE
PARTY...

AND SOON...

I AM ELYANA!
AT LAST SOMEONE
HAS PICKED UP OUR
MESSAGE!

YOU SOUNDED AS IF
YOU WERE IN DESPERATE
TROUBLE... BUT EVERYTHING
LOOKS QUIET HERE!

ONLY ONE CITY EXISTS ON
ORKEESH, STRETCHING ■ HUNDRED
SQUARE MILES UNDERGROUND. THE
ALIENS ATTACKED THROUGH THE OTHER
ENTRANCE IN THE WEST THREE DAYS
AGO WITHOUT WARNING...

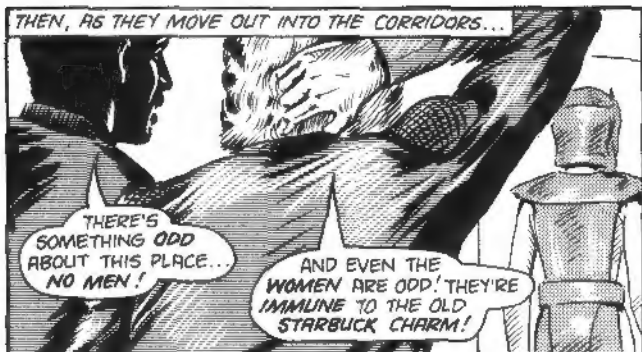
NOW ONLY THIS
SMALL SECTION OF THE
CITY IS LEFT TO ME... AND
MY WARRIORS CANNOT
HOLD THEM BACK!

WE NEED HELP DESPERATELY...
A LARGE FIGHTING FORCE TO
DRIVE THE ALIENS BACK... OR
WE'LL BE LOST WITHIN HOURS!

THESE THINGS TAKE TIME
TO ARRANGE, EVEN IN EMER-
GENCIES... BUT IF WE CAN
INSPECT YOUR DEFENCES, WE
CAN DRAW UP PRELIMINARY
PLANS...

ZANEEL WILL
CONDUCT YOU... BUT I
BEG YOU TO BRING YOUR
TROOPS QUICKLY...

I HOPE
YOUR CITY IS AS
BEAUTIFUL AS OUR
GUIDE...





AND, WITH MERE SECONDS TO SPARE...

MADE IT! NOW TO
BURN OUT THIS CYLON
DEATH-NEST...

I'M WITH YOU,
APOLLO!

GO TO IT, FELLAS!
WE'VE GOT A LOT OF
SCORES TO SETTLE!

BUT THEN, A STARTLING
EXPLOSION...

HEY! WE MUST
HAVE HIT SOME KIND
OF AMMO-DUMP!

NO... WE SPRUNG THE
FINAL PART OF THEIR TRAP...
THEY WOULD HAVE GOT ALL
OUR TROOPS DOWN THERE...
AND THEN BLOWN THEM
OFF THE MAP!

VRA BOOOOOM!

WE'LL HAVE TO
WATCH OUT THOUGH...
THOSE CYLON-BUILT ROBOTS
HAD US FOOLED FOR
A WHILE...

YEAH... PITY WE
COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN
ONE OF THOSE LITTLE GIRLS
BACK... PURELY FOR SCIENTIFIC
STUDY, OF COURSE! LET'S
HEAD FOR HOME...

THE END.

Battlestar GALACTICA

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